The Military's Video Wargames
Also reviews by Fred Graham, Gregg Easterbrook, E. Fuller Torrey, and Thomas J. Peters

The Washington Monthly

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LETTERS

Scoring the Scorecard

In their otherwise sensible review of Reagan's performance ("The Reagan Scorecard," July/August), Jonathan Rowe and Paul Glastris fall into the familiar trap of proposing work for welfare benefits "except for mothers of pre-school-age children." This exception is compassionate and reasonable for widows and abandoned wives. It is inappropriate, however, for the underclass of unwed teenage mothers who go direct from high school to welfare, leaving their hopelessly disadvantaged children totally unexposed to the world of productive work.

Many working mothers put their children in day-care centers as early as six months. Are their children inferior to those of welfare mothers? Of course, a short 20-25 hour work week might be sufficient for a welfare mother only being paid for a single child. A well-run day-care center would be a healthier environment for a child than at "home" with an isolated and rather incapable teenager. At the same time, a teenage mother accustomed to earning her daily bread would have a much better chance of recognizing and using job or educational opportunities.

HUGO S. CUNNINGHAM
Midwest City, Oklahoma

You advocate a return to price control on interest. At first I thought you were kidding, but the tone is not humorous, so you must believe it would be of value.

Much of the "suffering" from high interest rates now is similar to what afflicts the former beneficiaries of other regulations, such as the airlines and trucking industry. The transition to paying market rates for money hurts, but why should borrowers get another subsidy, on top of the tax subsidies they already receive (and which have just been repealed for savers before they ever got them)?

No economist I have heard of thinks price controls solve anything; rather, they distort the economy and ultimately have to be abandoned, either explicitly or (as in communist countries) tacitly. There is the matter of fairness, of course—why single out this aspect of our economic system? How about price controls on cars, houses, and the federal and state taxes? It is generally agreed this country saves too little now; such a ceiling would aggravate the problem.

Lastly, people do learn. You put price controls on the cost of money, and that money will go into real estate (wonderful tax breaks there, including "depreciation" on property that is steadily increasing in value), collectibles, anything rather than dollars.

RICHARD LOTRECK
Natick, Massachusetts

Whose prosperity?

I must disagree with the conclusion you draw in "Tilting at Windmills" (July/August) that "greed is not the dominant motive in human beings." For it is precisely this most base quality of human nature—greed—which drove the Maronites in Lebanon to cling so tenaciously to the money and power they were amassing in the early seventies.

The "island of peace and prosperity" was just that... for the blessed few. However you seemed to have overlooked the belt of poverty—populated by Lebanese Shiite Muslims—encircling this island. Indeed it was the reluctance of the Maronites to share the wealth—their greed—which most certainly hastened the religious and political warfare in Lebanon.

MONA YACOUBIAN
Bethesda, Maryland

Constructive backstabbing

Over the past several years, you have pointed out the degree to which the parochial points of view of the military services have militated against the adoption of cheaper and more effective weapons systems and overall efficiency of the defense effort. It seems to me that these my-service-first attitudes could be put to constructive use. Some examples:

The present military justice system pits members of the same service against each other: one set of officers tries to convict the accused, a second set tries to defend him/her, while a third set tries to play the neutral role of judge. Since they all wear the same uniform, one may well doubt the zeal with which defense attorneys and judges pursue objectives that the hierarchy involved appears not to desire to have accomplished. I suggest that, on a round-robin basis, each service supply personnel to the others. If the defendant is Army, the Army should retain the prosecutorial function but the defense should come, say, from the Navy and the military judge from the Air Force. While the Army prosecutor may see himself as upholding the honor of the Army by seeking a conviction, the Navy defense attorney can see himself as giving the Army a black eye by working hard for an acquittal, whereas the Air Force military judge can feel benevolently neutral in a fight between members of two other services.

Each service has an inspector general who is torn between his role as an investigator and enforcer on one hand and his desire to keep his service from getting a black eye based on over-zealous investigation or too much publicity. If, however, each service's IG personnel was drawn from one of the other two services, each IG would be happily investigating, ensuring that

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misdeeds received salutary publicity, and letting the chips fall where they may because these chips would not be touching his own service.

While I have not yet figured out how the same principle could be applied to procurement and to the manner in which each service tries to safeguard its own role in the teeth of innovation and progress—see the story on the Israeli drone aircraft ["The Army's $800,000 Model Airplane," Gregg Easterbrook, July/August]—I am sure there is a way to do this. The British Parliament puts the committee that deals with the way money has been spent under the chairmanship of a member of the Opposition. They have learned that the best watchdog comes from the opposition and not from someone who feels that any activity in the watchdog role marks him as a poor team player.

FRANK E. G. WEIL
Washington, D.C.

Lay off lawyers

I confess I postponed renewing my subscription because each month's issue carries such derogatory comments about lawyers. In spite of your repeated assertions that lawyers contribute nothing worthwhile to our society, I find much to be proud of in the work of lawyers in my community, who have taken the initiative seeking ways to provide legal services to those who need them regardless of financial ability. A Tel-Law program allows people to get general information via telephone at no charge; the Lawyers' Referral Service allows consultation for a nominal fee; volunteers provide legal counseling on a regular basis at senior citizen's centers and the women's crisis center; and volunteers assisted victims of Hurricane Alicia through the disaster assistance program. All but one of these programs were started locally by members of the county bar association.

Last year I was appointed to represent inmates who had grievances about the operation of the county jail. The case took considerable time (not to mention expense) to prepare for trial. Although we were granted injunctive relief at the trial, I have yet to be compensated for my work. I know of no other profession where one can be *compelled* to work for no pay.

Lawyers are no better—and no worse—than other professions who police themselves. Indeed, because we are in the position we are in, I have no quarrel with the notion that we should be held to a higher standard of conduct. In fairness, however, I wish you would lighten up, and at least occasionally comment on the good things lawyers do in representing people who have legitimate grievances that need to be heard.

PATRICIA GRAY
Galveston, Texas

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY

Journalism Award

for July 1984 is presented to

Richard L. Stern
Forbes

Stern takes a close look at a very successful brokerage house, First Jersey Securities, and finds that by specializing in stocks of more obscure companies, "where a true auction market simply does not exist," First Jersey is able to set an arbitrarily high price—often earning up to 50 percent in commission revenue in the bargain. Although the SEC has been fighting First Jersey in court on price manipulation and other grounds, Stern argues that it will be difficult to make a case because of fuzzy regulations.

Bill Hogan and Alan Green
Regardie's

Walter Mondale's presidential campaign made some headlines when it was discovered that theoretically independent "delegate committees" were failing to honor the candidate's pledge not to take PAC money. But the greater scandal was that Mondale's own PAC was taking *direct* contributions from corporations and unions. While the federal government does not permit corporations and unions to contribute to federal elections, state elections are regulated only by the states, whose election rules vary. Hogan and Green explore the implications of this loophole for the presidential campaign that grew out of Mondale's "Committee for the Future of America" PAC. Now if only someone would do the same for Reagan.

The Monthly Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper or magazine article (or series of articles) on our political system. The award for articles published in August will be announced in the November issue. Nominations will close September 15. Nominations should be accompanied by two copies of the article or articles.

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Certification blues

In the accounts of her struggles to do the job teachers are supposed to do—teach—Susan Ohanian (" 'Yes, But Where Are Your Credits in Recess Management 101?' " April) has touched a raw nerve. As a fifth-grade teacher in a smaller city at the other end of the country, I feel an affinity with her.

Like other teachers, I was subjected to the useless parade of certification classes. At the time I suspected the classes would be of little help. My two years in the classroom have proven this assumption correct. The most appropriate use for these classes would be as a method of torture by a ruthless Third World dictator. Anyone would confess rather than suffer the agony of bland lectures and banal textbooks.

I have less paperwork than I expected. Still, a vast amount of time is spent dealing with regulations about free lunches, countless announcements, and forms. The amount of paper is staggering.

A close colleague has left the profession after four years. She was a dynamic teacher who worked hard to design innovative lessons. She gave up fighting a system that didn't recognize her true worth, a system that not only doesn't recognize excellence, but applauds mediocrity. Districts rarely know who the teachers are, and if they do, they aren't letting on. A mediocre teacher goes unnoticed. Given the extent of the bureaucracy, districts would prefer it that way; it means less work for them.

Where is the encouragement to do well? My students know I'm a good teacher, but they don't decide how much my salary will be. They can't help reduce the amount of paperwork, though they know it needs to be done.

The answer is that we don't get encouragement. Instead of praise, teachers are accused of perpetrating and perpetuating all of the ills of society.

I love my work. I enjoy being with the students. There is hardly a pleasure in life equal to hearing the "Oh, I get it!" from students who finally understand a concept I've introduced. I do not, however, appreciate being the rope in a tug-of-war that occurs because of the whims of a few, or the political moodswings of the nation, or an unrelenting bureaucracy.

CHARAK
Olympia, Washington

Tell it to the Marines

Cliches often pass for wisdom. In Gregg Easterbrook's piece ["What Caspar Weinberger Could Learn from the Falklands," September] he repeats the "wisdom" that "marines...have a poor record of defending stationary positions." Where was that record compiled—at Wake Island, Guadalcanal, Khe Sanh, Con Thien? Or is there, perhaps, some hidden history I'm unaware of?

RICHARD L. HARWOOD
Washington, D.C.

Richard Harwood is deputy managing editor of The Washington Post.

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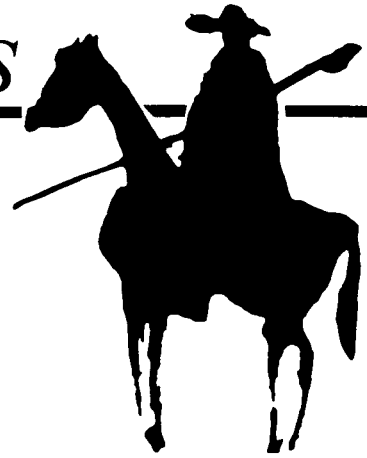
TILTING AT WINDMILLS



As we looked back during August to the House Judiciary Committee hearings on the impeachment of Richard Nixon that had taken place ten years earlier, I'm sure many of us were again struck by the high level at which most members of the committee performed. These were most definitely not the assortment of fools and scoundrels that Congress is commonly suspected of being. Why this difference between expectation and reality? Were the members of the Judiciary Committee at that particular time far above average? The answer is no. As a group they were quite typical of the Congress. What made them behave so well, I'm convinced, is the spotlight that was focused on them. They knew what they were doing was important, and they knew that the world, including most especially that part of it that resided in their respective districts, was watching. They behaved accordingly. They did their best. And their best turned out to be quite good enough.

What then, is the lesson? It is for the media to pay far more attention to the important Senate and House committees. The more the average member knows that attention is being paid, the better he will perform. That is why attention must be paid....

Over the years many readers have asked why *The Washington Monthly*, a magazine ostensibly devoted to the political system, gives so much attention to the press. The reason is that the press, as the coverage of the House Judiciary Committee illustrates, is almost always influential and often decisive in determining whether that system works or not.

That's why we're hard on the press when it fails, and that's why we try to applaud it, as with our Monthly Journalism Award, when it succeeds. By the way, one organization that deserves special recognition is ABC News for its three-hour closeup, "To Save Our Schools, To Save Our Children," which erased any doubt about television's ability to present complex issues in a way that is both illuminating and engrossing....

Have you begun to suspect that the divestiture suit against AT&T has not been a total blessing for the Republic? Consider these headlines: "Breakup of Bell System Leaves Telephone Service in Need of Repair" and "Former Bell Operating Units Seek Big Rate Increases for Local Service." In Arkansas, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, a rate increase of 50 percent is being sought. In Nevada the figure is 71 percent. Installation and connection service for a couple of telephones that just a few years ago cost a small business like *The Washington Monthly* around $100 now costs close to $1,500. When the phone is AT&T's and the wiring is done by the local telephone company, according to one AT&T employee quoted by *The Washington Post*, "The customer calls and says, 'My telephone line has been connected but nothing on my set is flashing here.' Two companies have to be involved and sometimes there is a communications breakdown."

The only phone cost that has gone down is the charge for long distance. But the increased cost of local service, connection, installation, and repair will wipe out the long distance

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savings for the average customer.

It's a bit like the airline situation, where competition on the big, long-haul routes tends to keep fares down while the cost of flying no-competition routes sky-rockets. I can fly from Washington to Miami for half the lowest fare from Washington to Charleston, West Virginia, which is one-sixth the distance to Miami but is served only by Piedmont Airlines. If I were a Wall Street speculator, I would certainly take a good look at Piedmont. On most of its routes it is the only airline providing service. In other words, it can charge what it wants....

Another blow to the cause of deregulation comes from Seattle, where the city fathers decided to deregulate taxi fares. Just imagine how the free market works on a rainy night when the driver sees that there are no other cabs in sight and has a rider who must get from here to there by a certain time....

In the future when you look at a Sony or a Honda and begin to think that imitating the Japanese is the path to salvation, reflect on this report by Polly Toynbee, who, as we noted last month, used to write for us and is now a columnist for the *Manchester Guardian*:

"The lives of Japanese women are dismally restricted—probably less equal and more bound by duty, tradition, and obligation than any other women in a highly successful developed society. Yet, at the same time, I have never come across a society where it is so genuinely hard to tell whether the men's or the women's lot is worse. In spite of all the disadvantages of their restricted opportunities, perhaps it is not altogether surprising that there is virtually no wish at all among most Japanese women to have anything at all to do with the male world of work and careers.

"The story of Kasuo's life, past, present, and future, is typical of a Japanese man's existence. Kasuo is a charming, intelligent man of 31, highly educated, and with many European friends. Yet his life seems far more rigid, remote, and restricted than the lives of most people in communist countries.

"He went to work for one of Japan's largest companies straight out of university. He was one of an intake [class] of 2,000 graduates in his year, only 100 of whom were women. Once he signed up with this company he knew he was there for life. He would not be able to leave and join another company later, as he would be regarded as disloyal and suspect. No other company would want him.

"He lives in a tiny room in a dormitory block belonging to the company, an hour's drive outside Tokyo, where meals are communal, and the young men are expected to spend their evenings in communal social and company activities. For the first five years he was a trainee, and for the next five years he was scarcely more, with no responsibility. Now at last he has graduated to some productive work. The company has considerable foreign trade and now that he is trained he should be posted abroad. But the company has a policy of not sending bachelors abroad. Their employees have to be married. (He said, with a wry smile, that without a wife he might get a highly undesirable job, in Lagos, for instance, and he would have no chance of anything better.)

"But for the last ten years he has met no girls—or at least not the sort you marry. The company has dominated his evenings as well as his days, and the very few girls who were in his intake have already left work to get married.

"After marriage, what lay ahead? He would get a small flat and move out of the dormitory. They would probably have two children. But he would scarcely see them, since the company would continue to expect to dominate his life and his evenings. Most nights he would not be home before 12. His whole life would be the company, and his home would be hardly more than a place to sleep. His whole life and career was mapped out for him until the day he retired."...

Here's the latest on A.H. Robins and the cases that have been brought against it by women who have been harmed by its Dalkon Shield intrauterine contraceptive device. One of the problems the plaintiffs' attorneys have been having is with the tendency to disappear displayed by evidence embarrassing to Robins and within Robins' control. For

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instance, 20 boxes of documents at the home of a Robins attorney were said to have been discarded as part of his wife's spring cleaning. A somewhat more direct approach was adopted by William A. Forrest Jr., vice president and general counsel of Robins, who simply ordered a subordinate to get rid of incriminating papers. The subordinate, an attorney named Roger Tuttle, has testified, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, "that he assigned small crews to search company files and burn any potentially damaging papers in a company furnace."...

For eight years, Catherine Ryan, age 17, and her brother Eric, age 12, have endured a custody battle between their divorced parents. Finally they decided they were tired of going to court to hear their parents argue. They went to work and saved enough money to hire their own lawyer, Michael Kelly. "The major thing they want is a cessation of the continuous litigation," says Kelly. "They want their parents to stop using the courts to get at one another."...

The suspicion that the police are subjected to a different standard of justice than the rest of us is fortified by the recent case of a Maryland state trooper who was convicted in Harford County of molesting a woman motorist. His sentence was 90 days in jail. Charges against him in another county involving assaults on three other women were dropped because, according to *The Washington Post*, "assistant state's attorney Charles Frey said he believed the purposes of prosecution were accomplished in the Harford County case."...

Each of the networks provided us with at least 12 hours of unrelieved boredom during the Republican convention. The same week there was one event of 84 crucial minutes that not one of the networks covered completely. This was the long Geraldine Ferraro press conference in which she took on all questions about her family finances and the related disclosure issues. It was a unique opportunity to gauge the mind and character of the Democratic candidate for vice president. Because it tested her in a way no one was tested in Dallas, it was the most important political news of the week. Yet NBC covered only half of it, with CBS and ABC doing even less....

Not everyone will agree with my belief that people go to political conventions to be seen, but Clairol certainly does. It offered free hairdos to prominent Republican women at the convention in Dallas.

The irony of the meaninglessness of this year's conventions was further reinforced by reports that UPI is in financial trouble because of the money it spent on its usual army of reporters covering the conventions. There was no news to report, no reason to spend the money except to allow its reporters to be seen there and to feel important....

A recent article in *The New York Times*, "Out of College and Into the Red," reminded me to remind you that we have two solutions to the high cost of higher education. One is to cast a critical eye on the trend toward higher faculty salaries and fewer teaching hours that dominated the upper reaches of academia in the sixties and the seventies. In part, this trend was humane, but you should be sure your school wasn't one of the places where it produced a faculty that is underworked and overpaid.

Our other solution has to do not with the cause of the costs but with a more sensible way to pay them. We propose that the government offer loans to cover the full cost of college. What! you protest, don't these loans put a bankrupting burden on the students, who then fail to pay them back and leave the government holding the bag? That's true now, but what we propose are loans payable over a mercifully long term, say 30 years, and fully collectible because they would be paid to the IRS as an additional assessment on taxes....

"Why can't I just fly?" was the question asked in an article by an Air Force captain in a recent issue of *Aviation Week and Space Technology*. The Air Force treats its officers as if each one is destined to be chief of staff. They are given assignments that are varied and broadening. The problem is that a lot of the best pilots don't want to be broadened, they just want to fly. At the same time it forces people to fly who don't want to. As Captain M.C. Wood observed

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in a letter to *Aviation Week*, commenting on the article:

"We have many jocks, sitting at desks, looking at every contrail, waiting to get their hand on the throttle again. We also have unenthusiastic, unproficient, and careless ticket-punchers sitting in cockpits dreading and avoiding every combat maneuvering or coordinated strike they can."

The State Department follows a similar policy. Every foreign service officer is supposed to be a potential secretary of state, so he gets assignments all over the world in all kinds of jobs to prepare him for a day that is almost certain not to come. But this is why he seldom stays long enough in one place to learn the language and to acquire the knowledge that he needs to communicate with and understand the nationals with whom he is dealing.

We can't let pilots be pilots if we don't need pilots, just as we can't let every FSO choose his own specialty. But we should stop trying to make all the pilots into chiefs of staff and all the FSOs into secretaries of state.

Discriminating among people as to their talents and needs is something that bureaucracy hates to do. Yet so often such discrimination is the only basis for sensible policy.

Last month I got a letter from an army captain complaining about Phillip Keisling's article, "Soldiers of Good Fortune," which argued that today's military was adequately paid.

"I know," he wrote, "without any doubt that Mr. Keisling has never spent weeks in the field in below-freezing temperatures, eating 'C' rations and powdered eggs and getting 'whore baths' from a steel pot at 0400."

I don't know what a "whore bath" is, but I was in the infantry and I do remember what that was like. Those who are in it for a career deserve terms of compensation and retirement that are generous and humane. The point is that most soldiers, sailors, and airmen don't spend most of their time in such conditions. Most of us simply don't do work that is physically demanding or dangerous. The individuals that do may deserve better pay and earlier retirement. But that doesn't mean the rest of us should receive such treatment. Yet bureaucracy lumps us all together, deserving and undeserving....

Remember how Ronald Reagan was going to get big government "off the backs of the American people"? Well, under his administration the number of full-time permanent federal employees has grown by 23,000. Jimmy Carter had reduced it by 38,000....

There is, of course, no shortage of anecdotes illustrating that the postal service has not quite gotten its act together. My favorite comes from William Bradshaw, whose address is:

P.O. Box 1288
Oakland, CA
94604

He recently received a letter addressed to Jay Bradshaw at:

RFD 2
Box 145
Oakland, ME
04963

The federal system outrages common sense. My home state, West Virginia, charges the average employer $442 per employee per year for its unemployment fund. Florida, Texas, Arizona, and Georgia charge only a fourth that amount, according to Richard Grimes of the *Charleston Daily Mail*. Obviously businessmen would prefer to locate in places where they pay the lower figure, so they avoid West Virginia. The state's unemployment grows, meaning that it has to charge employers more to pay compensation to the unemployed, and things just get worse and worse....

"Support congressional candidates who will work to eliminate the deficit," Keith Propst, the president of the Colorado Farm Bureau told the bureau's summer conference in Steamboat Springs. But, according to a report of the meeting in *The Denver Post*, Dennis Stolte, the next speaker, "asked farmers and ranchers to support a bill introduced by Senator Bill Armstrong that would exempt irrigation systems from fee and permit requirements under the Federal Land Policy and Management Act of 1976." In other words, cut that deficit but not the part that helps us....

When we look at the elderly we tend to see them as one homogenized group.

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But in terms of what they cost us, it's useful to break them down into smaller groups. When this is done some interesting facts emerge. For example, people 80 and older get more dollar aid than all of the nonelderly poor. They get 77 percent more medical benefits than the newly retired, aged 65 to 69. And those 85 and over are 15 times more likely to be in a nursing home than those people who are 65 to 74 years of age.

Since the number of people in their eighties is increasing—the over-85 group is growing six times as fast as the U.S. population as a whole—it is clear that the fiscal consequences will be severe.

How are we going to pay for the care that will be needed? One way is to reduce the cost of that care. A national health service that controlled health costs, including the compensation to physicians, could help. So could a national service program that would assign young people to work in nursing homes, not as a career, but as part of two years of service to their country and to their fellow man.

Still another way to address the problem is to increase the revenues available to provide the care. To the extent possible the recipients of that care should pay for it themselves. Their incomes are usually modest. But an astonishing percentage—well over half—own their own homes outright, without any debt. Many have other assets as well. Is there any reason why, on their death—and, of course, after the death of their surviving spouse—that their estates shouldn't be charged with the costs Medicare has incurred in their behalf?

Do the surviving offspring have a right to inherit that is greater than society's right to be repaid? I don't think so....

Thomas Hoving, the former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, is now editor of a magazine called *Connoisseur*. In that capacity he has addressed a letter to several hundred thousand potential subscribers. "I suspect," he writes, "that you are among the discerning few who recognize what a watercolor by an American impressionist and a scarf from Hermes have in common." If you pass that test, you can buy a copy for $3. But don't worry about the price. Hoving adds in a P.S., "because *Connoisseur* is of unsurpassed usefulness in starting collections of value, it may well be tax-deductible."...

One hundred and thirty-eight former congressmen now are paid more in annual pensions than they earned in annual salary while serving on Capitol Hill, according to a recent report by the National Taxpayer's Union. It's time to resurrect once more Nicholas Von Hoffman's immortal observation that only the United States government would pay people more for not working than for working....

Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado had begun to suspect that some of his underlings had become accustomed to taking long weekends. So, one Friday in July he asked an aide to call the heads of the various divisions of the state government. It turned out that ten out of 68 were not to be found. "They were AWOL," an indignant Lamm told *The Denver Post*. My own experience visiting state capitol buildings on Friday afternoons suggests that Lamm should have been relieved to find only ten sinners. In most states the figures would be higher, much higher.

The half-empty office is typical not only of state capitols but also of federal and municipal buildings throughout the nation. And the disease is not confined to the public sector. One example comes from the employee in our office who deals with New York book publishers. She has long since given up trying to reach any of the top people on Fridays during the summer. Many publishers close down their offices entirely....

Where would you guess the New Jersey State Bar Association plans to hold its mid-year meeting? Trenton, Newark, Princeton, Atlantic City? Of course not. The meeting will be held in London, November 11-18. I know you're suspecting that they're going to London instead of Trenton because it's tax deductible and the rest of us will foot the bill. Don't be cynical. The brochure says: "The signing of the Magna Carta and the development of the common law gives one the opportunity to visit places of great law and lawyers."...

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MONEX, which describes itself as "America's Most Trusted Name in Precious Metals Investments," recently ran an advertisement in *The Wall Street Journal* with this headline:

The proposed U.S.
Currency switch:
Will you be ready?

"The U.S. Treasury Department," the ad continues, "in a purported effort to track down unreported income, has proposed requiring citizens to turn in all $100 bills (and perhaps bills of lower denominations) for a replacement currency."

The fact is that people within the Treasury Department have talked about taking this step for years but have never gotten around to doing it. I suspect the reason is that not only would it make a lot of people mad but it would also involve a lot of work, meaning there would be fewer of those long weekends. But it is a step that should be taken and this ad explains the reason.

Why would MONEX pay for the ad unless it thinks it will help sell gold and silver? And why will it help sell gold and silver unless there are a lot of people who have cash that they can't explain and who would be caught red-handed by a currency switch—unless, of course, they convert their currency into gold and silver?...

"Willie Newman spent his boyhood picking oranges, packing celery, and mowing lawns to help his struggling family get along in Sanford's [Florida] poor black community of Goldsboro," began a recent story by Terry Osinski in *The Chicago Tribune*. The story went on to tell how Willie had gone on to medical school and was now a practicing obstetrician/gynecologist.

That's nice, you say, but hardly reason for the *Tribune* to run a story. Well the news is that Willie Newman didn't go to Jacksonville or Atlanta or New York to minister to the affluent, he went back home to Sanford, where he works in a low-cost clinic. The fact that this is news says something very good about Dr. Newman and something very bad about most of his fellow physicians....

Karl Marx would not be pleased by this recent editorial from the *China Daily* a friend sent me from Peking:

"It is well known that people are different, both in ability and the contribution which they make. Therefore, they should be rewarded differently. The system of 'to each according to his (or her) work done' can best serve socialism."

Actually, "to each according to his need" was the only thing I ever liked about communism....

In August I went to Charleston, West Virginia for the 40th reunion of my high school class. I had remembered Charleston High as the nearest thing to a perfect democracy that I had ever known. The students had treated each other as equals, regardless of the wealth or social position of their families. Physical attractiveness or athletic ability might have enhanced your standing with your fellows but not your name or your address. Forty years later they were treating each other the same way. My memory had been right. Life can be as good and fair as it was at Charleston High. So we aren't wasting our time in trying to make it that way for everyone....

Which is definitely not what Ronald Reagan has been trying to do. According to a recent study by the Urban Institute, the administration's policies resulted in a $25 billion gain in disposable income for the top fifth of the population between 1980 and 1984. Meanwhile, income for the bottom fifth dropped an average of $600 per family.

The bottom 40 percent of American families have lost ground under Reagan. They have less disposable income now than they had in Jimmy Carter's last year....

—*Charles Peters*

You Can Help

Sometimes it's easy to forget how much *The Washington Monthly* depends on its readers. Our Memos of the Month come almost entirely from you. Clippings from reader's local papers inspire many of the items in Tidbits and Outrages and Tilting at Windmills. Readers also help us in countless other ways, calling with tips for stories, giving their friends subscriptions, or just making sure we're on the shelves of their local newsstands, bookstores, and libraries.

If you happen to live in the Washington area you may be able to volunteer here at our office. Just drop us a note telling us the work you're interested in, your experience, and the days and hours you're available.

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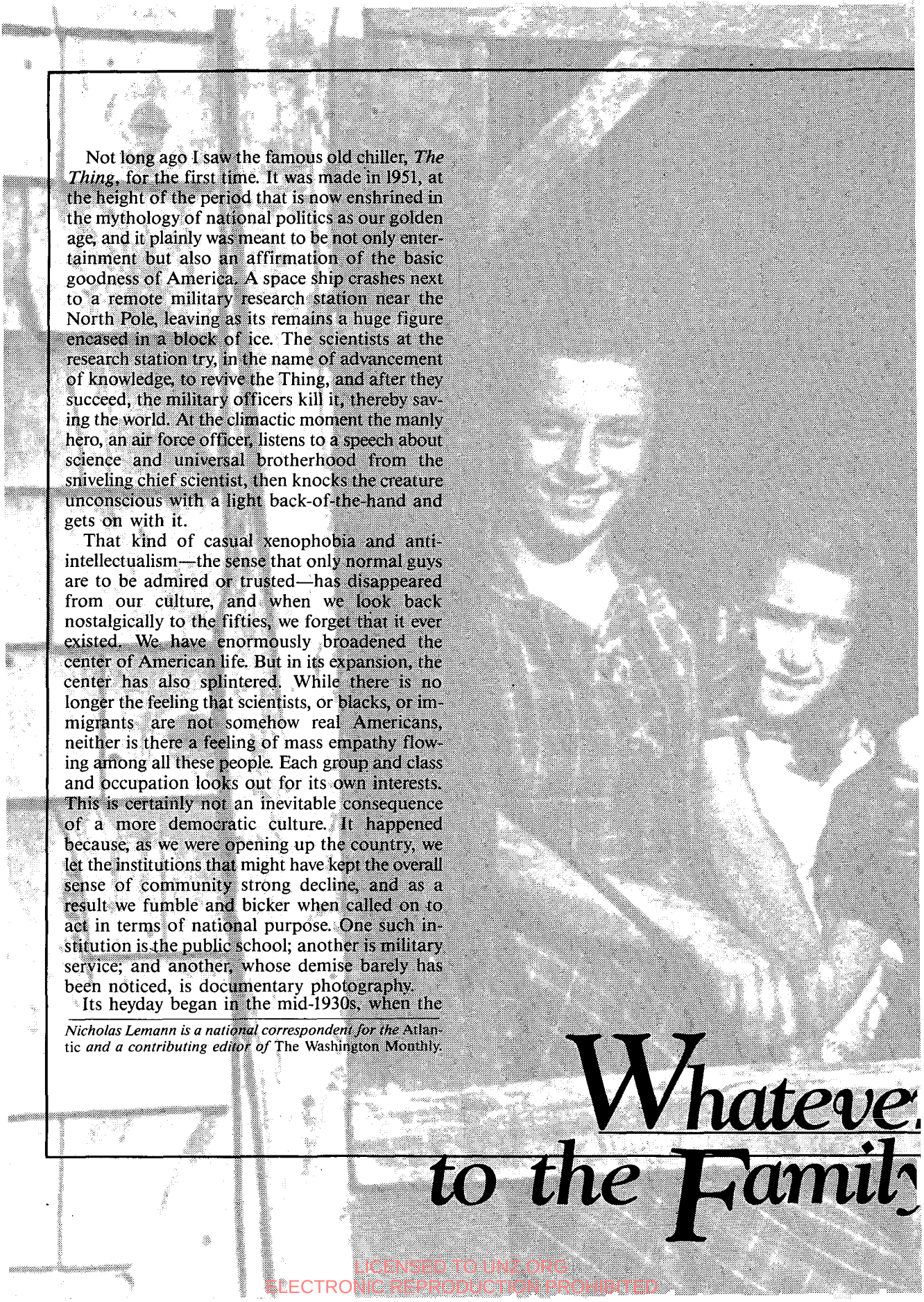
Not long ago I saw the famous old chiller, *The Thing*, for the first time. It was made in 1951, at the height of the period that is now enshrined in the mythology of national politics as our golden age, and it plainly was meant to be not only entertainment but also an affirmation of the basic goodness of America. A space ship crashes next to a remote military research station near the North Pole, leaving as its remains a huge figure encased in a block of ice. The scientists at the research station try, in the name of advancement of knowledge, to revive the Thing, and after they succeed, the military officers kill it, thereby saving the world. At the climactic moment the manly hero, an air force officer, listens to a speech about science and universal brotherhood from the sniveling chief scientist, then knocks the creature unconscious with a light back-of-the-hand and gets on with it.

That kind of casual xenophobia and anti-intellectualism—the sense that only normal guys are to be admired or trusted—has disappeared from our culture, and when we look back nostalgically to the fifties, we forget that it ever existed. We have enormously broadened the center of American life. But in its expansion, the center has also splintered. While there is no longer the feeling that scientists, or blacks, or immigrants are not somehow real Americans, neither is there a feeling of mass empathy flowing among all these people. Each group and class and occupation looks out for its own interests. This is certainly not an inevitable consequence of a more democratic culture. It happened because, as we were opening up the country, we let the institutions that might have kept the overall sense of community strong decline, and as a result we fumble and bicker when called on to act in terms of national purpose. One such institution is the public school; another is military service; and another, whose demise barely has been noticed, is documentary photography.

Its heyday began in the mid-1930s, when the

Nicholas Lemann is a national correspondent for the Atlantic *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly.



Whatever to the Family

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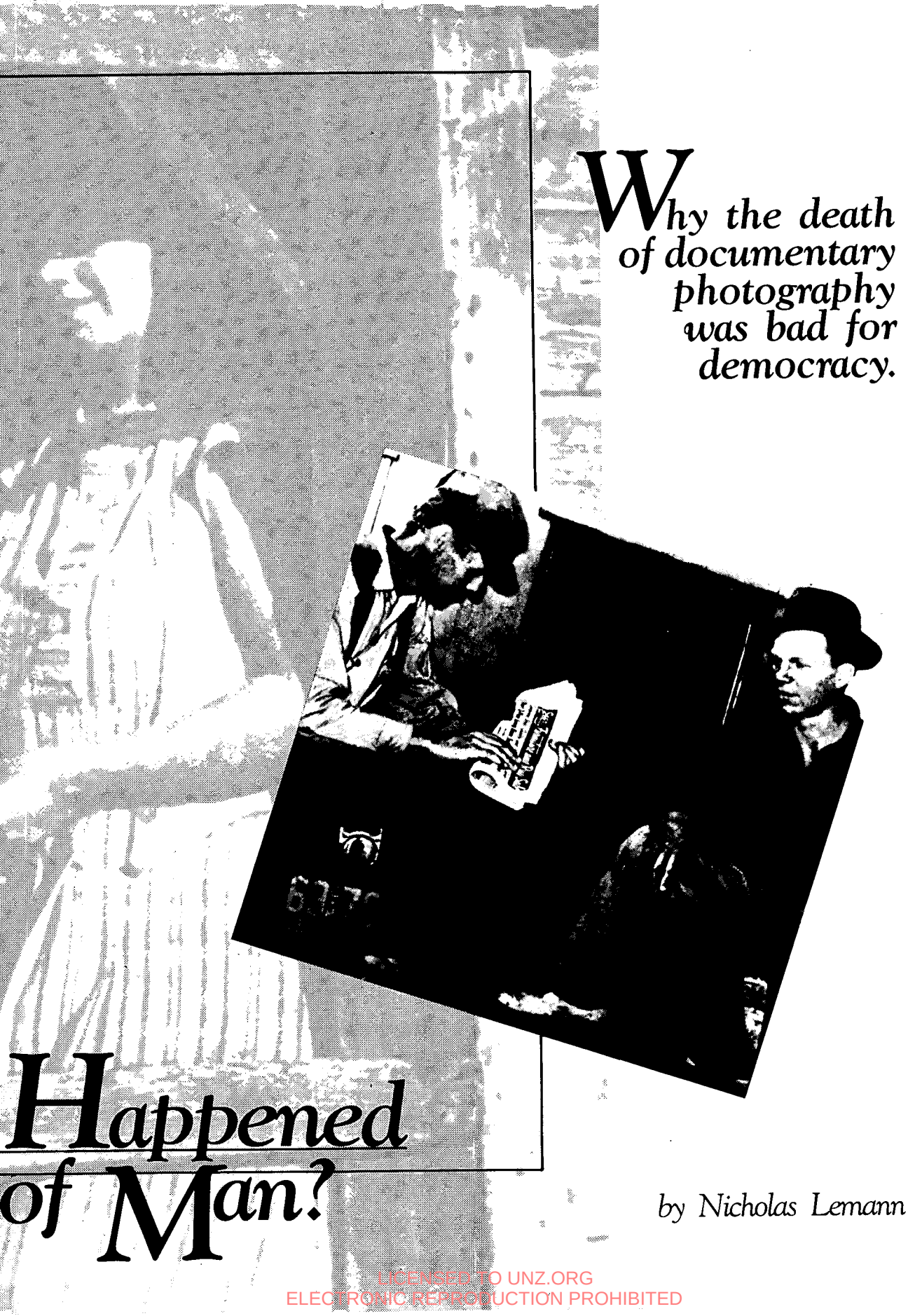

Happened of Man?

Why the death of documentary photography was bad for democracy.

by Nicholas Lemann

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1938: Two spectators at a county fair in Ohio, photographed by **Ben Shahn** for the Farm Security Administration.

Government efforts to photograph the rural poor during the Depression and the rise of the great picture magazines turned causes that might have seemed abstract into human flesh and blood. The resulting spirit of community helped lay the groundwork for the New Deal, the civil rights movement, and the establishment of the Peace Corps.

great photography editor, Roy Stryker, moved to Washington to start his Farm Security Administration file, documenting the rural poverty of the Depression through the work of photographers like Ben Shahn, Dorothea Lange, Walker Evans, and Russell Lee. It continued with the birth of *Life* and the other great mass-circulation picture magazines in the late thirties and flourished through the war years. What looked like its apogee, but was in fact its last hurrah, was the extraordinarily popular "Family of Man" show organized by Edward Steichen at the Museum of Modern Art in 1955.

During those 20 years, documentary photography made a real difference in American life. Using the power that is inherent in a memorable still image, it gave immediacy to remote places and events and turned causes that might have seemed abstract into human flesh and blood. It made people in faraway predicaments almost into neighbors. The FSA photographs, by making vivid conditions in the Dust Bowl, helped lay the groundwork for the relief legislation of the New Deal, and therefore for the flowering of the American welfare state. The picture magazines energetically promoted the image of World War II as a noble cause involving Americans from all walks of life, and thus boosted morale and resolve on the front and at home. The "Family of Man" show popularized a sentimental humanitarianism that was soon a moving force behind the civil rights movement and the establishment of the Peace Corps.

Today documentary photography on the scale of those projects is unknown, and, within the photography world, documentary work of a populist cast, which during the thirties, forties, and fifties was immensely respected, is a forgotten art. The great practitioners of the past, like Evans, Lange, or Robert Capa, are still gods, but the young photographers who are considered important work in an entirely different vein. A show at a major museum with a title like "Recent American Photography" will surely contain work that is "abstract," as that word is applied to painting—that is, nonrepresentational. It is possible to attract great excitement and renown in photography today by taking pictures of, for instance, yourself in various insouciant poses (like Cindy Sherman), or your dog dressed in funny costumes (like William Wegman).

What caused the change in photography? One place to look for the answer is in the life and work of Diane Arbus, a crucial transitional figure who came of age photographically in the era of the great documentarians, sat at their feet, and con-

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sidered herself to be their legatee, but became a hero to those who see photography as most importantly a means of self-expression for the photographer.

Arbus was born in New York in 1924 and grew up in luxury on Central Park West and Park Avenue. At 18 she married a clerk in her family's business, the fashionable women's store, Russek's Fifth Avenue. Her husband, Allan Arbus, became a military photographer during World War II, and when he returned to New York he and Diane set up a mom-and-pop fashion photography studio that became moderately successful. In the late fifties the Arbuses separated, and Diane, working alone, began voluminously photographing oddballs and freaks around New York and New Jersey. A show at the Museum of Modern Art in 1967, called "New Documents" and featuring work by her, Garry Winogrand, and Lee Friedlander, made her famous, but as she got deeper into her weird subject matter she became incurably depressed. In the summer of 1971 she killed herself.

Her photographs are striking first because so many of them are of people of great physical or emotional strangeness: transvestites in drag, giants, midgets, retards, sideshow acts, nudists, and on and on. But her world also includes many "normal" people, and invariably they look strange too. Often in her pictures the freaks will be in comfortable repose, looking at the camera straight on, seemingly at peace; the nonfreaks, on the other hand, are shot from uncomfortable angles, or in harsh light, or in settings that are ostentatious and phony.

Patricia Bosworth's biography of Arbus* makes it clear that this was no accident. When shooting freaks, Arbus seems to have been gentle and kind, often forming lasting friendships with them—Bosworth has done an impressive job of tracking these people down, and they usually remember Arbus fondly. Her normal subjects' memories are completely different—usually bitter. Arbus bullied them, lied to them, forced them to hold poses for hours, and otherwise pushed them until they somehow got into conformity with her vision of the world. Her photography was really less a chronicle of an American subculture than an evocation of something within herself. Every picture from the body of work that made her reputation is meant to demonstrate that all of us are freaks. The images of those who are obviously so show an empathy so deep that it raises them to the level of art; in the images of those who are not, there is an aggressive and often hostile determination to wrest out the hidden truth.

So in the trappings of a documentarian, Arbus was instead a modern artist. That might seem like a false dichotomy—wasn't Walker Evans a modern artist too?—but it is valid, and important, if "modern artist" is understood as someone whose work is driven by a desire to explore perception and the self rather than to depict the truth of other lives and places. Is the artist central, or the subject? In the case of Evans, his subjects were; in the case of Arbus, and much more obviously with the photographers who followed her, she was. In the sixties, Bosworth says, Dorothea Lange tried to organize photographers to petition the government to start a huge new documentary project modeled on the FSA file, but Arbus was completely uninterested.

Well before the sixties, of course, many of the leading American photographers pointedly regarded themselves as artists. Alfred Steiglitz pratically invented the role—in the teens and twenties he lived a Bohemian life in Greenwich Village, consorted with painters, established an art gallery for photography, and even dressed in a beret and smock. But he, and later primarily "artistic" photographers like Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, Harry Callahan, and Minor White, worked in the exacting tradition of still-life and landscape painters, worshipping at the altar of tone and form and composition. That they had personal obsessions was obvious, but their work was meant to be accessible at the level of its beauty.

Meanwhile, documentary photographers, who early in the century had often been camera-toting social workers (like Jacob Riis and Lewis Hine), proliferated as photography became common in magazines. There were two overlapping branches of magazine photography: technically polished studio photography, whose commercial lifeblood was provided by the fashion business, and photojournalism, which revolved around the big picture magazine, then the main visual medium of national news. (Newspaper photography has always been regarded as a poor relation of magazine photography, and only one person, the New York *Daily News*'s blood-and-gore specialist, who called himself Weegee, has been admitted to the consensual pantheon of great

* *Diane Arbus: A Biography*. Knopf, $17.95.

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photographers on the basis of newspaper work.) Although people who deserved to be called artists came out of both branches of magazine photography, these people were not fully able to wear the twentieth-century artist's cultural and social trappings: the studio photographers because their work was so commercial and the photojournalists because they were reporters on assignment.

Diane Arbus, having grown up in the fashion business, naturally fell into the studio photography branch, and her editorial work in the late forties and early fifties was for magazines like *Mademoiselle*, *Seventeen*, *Glamour*, and *Vogue*. She and her husband were not major figures on the order of Irving Penn and Richard Avedon in fashion photography, but they were well established. In fact they placed one picture in the "Family of Man" show, a shot of a father and son lying on a couch reading newspapers that falls right into the fifties habit of portraying bourgeois American family life as entirely idyllic.

If that show was the end of the old era, the beginning of the new was the publication in 1959 of Robert Frank's *The Americans*. Frank was a Swiss emigre who had won a Guggenheim fellowship and had taken off on a beatnik's tour of the country (Jack Kerouac wrote the foreword to the book), free to photograph whatever cars and bars and lonely towns caught his eye, with no editor to answer to. Whereas the "Family of Man" show was an immense popular success, *The Americans* attracted no popular audience, and what critical attention it got was almost all hostile.

It would be tempting to say that this means that American photography had fallen from grace, but the truth is that today much of "Family of Man" seems schmaltzy and *The Americans* seems great—always offhanded, never formal, a gritty yet also elegant evocation of how the country really is. Once the shock wore off, the appeal of Frank's work to photographers was immense. Not only had he managed to cast off the stagy cheerfulness that pervaded the culture in the fifties, but he had done documentary photography, then closely allied with magazine assignments, in the manner the best painters had adopted back in the 19th century, deciding what to shoot and print according to the dictates of his own creative vision, and not some editor's or client's orders.

In 1962 Steichen stepped down as the photography curator of the Museum of Modern Art and was replaced by John Szarkowsky, who still holds that job. By then *Collier's* magazine was dead, and within ten years all the big format magazines—*Life*, *Look*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*—would die too. The government never cranked up another FSA-like photographic project. There had been a brief vogue in the late forties and early fifties of photodocumentary projects sponsored by big corporations, but that had passed as well. So by the seventies the way the great photojournalists—Evans, Lange, Lee, Capa, Margaret Bourke-White, the whole immortal roster—had done their work and made their living no longer existed. There were still magazine photojournalistic assignments, but they paid far less than *Life* and *Look* had, and because the surviving magazines tended to cater to chic, affluent audiences, the editorial pressures on photographers were less to be populist and more to be aesthetically au courant. Studio photography continued to thrive, as it does today, and it is possible for someone like Avedon to build a serious, artistic reputation from a comfortable economic base in fashion photography. But the fate of great documentary photography was now in the hands of the leaders of the world of photography-as-art, of whom the most important by far was Szarkowsky.

This world, consisting of museums, galleries, collectors, and university departments of photography, had existed to a small extent for years; Adams, for instance, supported himself as an artist from the forties on. But just when the market for magazine photojournalism was drying up, it underwent a major expansion. Museums gave their photography departments more money, wall space, and staff. New museums opened, like the International Center for Photography in New York. Photography schools multiplied. A group of new photography galleries, led by the Witkin and the Robert Miller on the high-priced 57th Street gallery row, opened up. Magazines and newspapers began to hire photography critics. Prices for prints soared.

The schools and galleries and museums and critics all depended on the idea that a photographer is an artist, which is why Diane Arbus was crucial in helping provide the justification for a vast bureaucratic expansion of the photography-as-art institutions. She was an artist in the way the word was meant in post-war New York, whereas Ansel Adams, while literally an artist, wasn't. She explored the unconscious.

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She had gone beyond traditional modes of perception. She was a rebel against conventional society. Her work expressed deep, half-hidden compulsions. The world she portrayed was different from what one saw walking down the street. She dwelt on the darker side of life. She was a tortured soul and ultimately a suicide. In other words, as a figure she could be considered alongside great modern artists of the age in other fields, such as Robert Lowell or John Berryman, Jackson Pollack or Arshile Gorky, Jean Stafford or Norman Mailer.

What such artists had in common was that their work looked inward—explored the artist's own soul more deeply than it chronicled social reality. Intuitively, it would seem that of all the artistic media, photography would have the hardest time adapting to this mode. But inexorably it began to happen. The three photographers in Szarkowsky's New Documents show were starting to push out the limits. All three were spiritual descendants of Robert Frank, documenting American everyday life outside the context of the official iconography, but with a little more spin on the ball. Winogrand was the most like Frank, but his work was one step more artificial, with obtrusive flash lighting or obviously odd composition. Friedlander used Frank's modus operandi, traveling around the country alone, but instead of shooting a street scene or a restaurant he would shoot the television set in his motel room, or his own feet, or his reflection in a store window, so that what emerged from his work was not a portrait of America but an oddly evasive portrait of Lee Friedlander. Arbus transformed the Frank-style eye for upbeat material into an artist's territory of the imagination.

If such work made the photography-as-art establishment necessary and important once it got cranked up, it in turn provided artistically ambitious photographers with an incentive to concentrate on using their work to convey what was behind the lens, rather than what was in front of it. By 1978, Szarkowsky was positing that "there is a fundamental dichotomy in contemporary photography between those who think of photography as a means of self-expression and those who think of it as a method of exploration." He published a book, *Mirrors and Windows*, to prove the point, and it seemed that the mirrors had the force of history on their side. In fact there was a growing movement toward "syn-

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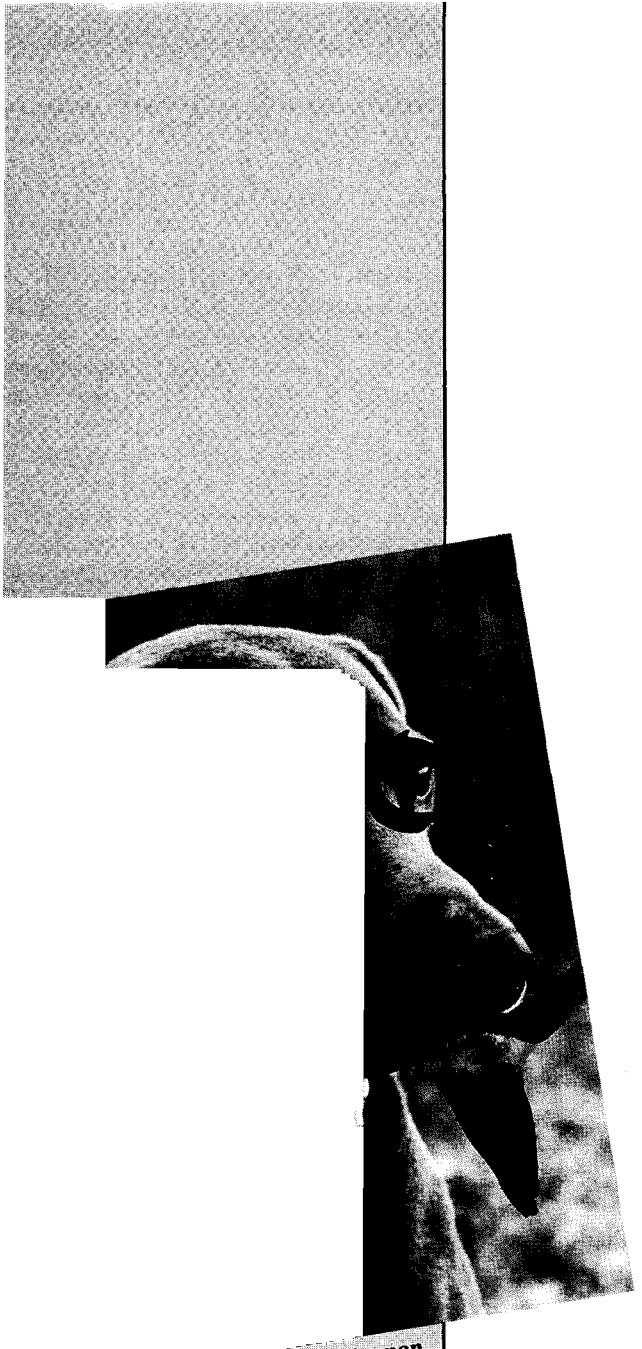

1979: A dog, by William Wegman.

thetic" photography, in which the photographer would move beyond the notion of simply exposing, developing, and printing a piece of film—in Szarkowsky's words, "For a photographer of liberal and open-minded inclination, it seemed reasonable to hedge the bet a little by drawing or painting on his photographs—or otherwise adding some evidence that he had hands as well as eyes."

Today, the feeling of excitement that attended the expansion of photography-as-art is nearly gone. As the work gets more abstract, fewer people respond to it, and the galleries have had trouble sustaining the kind of prices that are necessary to shift the primary market for photography from magazine readers to individual art collectors. Meanwhile, is it just the imagination of a photography buff, or is the country beginning to show the ill effects of the death of documentary photography too? I can't think of an image that stays in my mind as a symbol of poverty in the Reagan administration and, as a result, that is still an abstract issue, susceptible to being obscured by statistical ping-pong games (by the Republicans) or rhetorical linkage of the poor to social security recipients (by the Democrats). Could the politics of every small nation in the world be discussed by all important politicians solely in terms of whether ground has been gained by "communism" if we had an enduring mental picture of real life in these places? (The public impact of Susan Meiselas's great pictures of El Salvador, while an exception to the rule—you've seen the one of a death squad's white handprint on a red door—proves the overall point.) Doesn't the interregional squabbling that has become a constant part of American life ease up a little every time there is a dramatic visual event, like the Olympics, that shows people all over the country to be the same?

Because photography is now so firmly the province of the studios and the museums, the salvation of its documentary tradition will have to come from them as a matter of shifting aesthetic standards. That's too bad, but by now it's irrevocable; anyway, it doesn't mean there's no hope. If curators, gallery owners, teachers, collectors, critics, and magazine art directors change their signals, photographers will respond by dropping the pose of the creative genius and will begin again to direct their greatest energies toward conveying the richness and meaning that are in the visible world. ■

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WHO'S WHO in the Administration

Because **Stuart Spencer** has become the key man in the **Reagan** reelection campaign, the future is bright for his chief lieutenant, **Joe Canzeri**. While Spencer is not interested in future power at the White House, Canzeri is. Spencer, by the way, probably wants to forget what he said about Reagan when he was working on **Gerald Ford**'s campaign in 1976: that he was "lazy" and "just didn't get a handle on national problems.". . .The most likely role for Canzeri is as **Mike Deaver**'s successor, assuming Deaver wins in the battle that is going on to succeed **James Baker** in the chief of staff job. His opponents in that struggle are **Drew Lewis** and **Richard Darman**. . . . Lewis, by the way, is said to suspect that Darman and Deaver were trying to set him up at the recent Republican convention, where he suffered a humiliating defeat in his attempt to maintain White House control over the Republican platform. . . .

In

DEFENSE

Comptroller—**Robert W. Helm** has been director of defense programs for the National Security Council.

HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

Undersecretary—**Charles D. Baker** has been chairman of Harbridge House, Inc., a Boston consulting firm.

STATE

Ambassador to Kuwait—**Anthony C.E. Quainton** has been ambassador to Nicaragua.

Ambassador to Norway—**Robert D. Stuart Jr.** has been chairman of the Quaker Oats Company.

Ambassador to Surinam—**Robert E. Barbour** has been deputy examiner of the Foreign Service Board.

Ambassador to Zaire—**Brandon H. Grove Jr.** has been consul general in Jerusalem.

TRANSPORTATION

Counsel to the Secretary—**Rebecca C. Gernhardt** has been deputy assistant secretary for intergovernmental affairs.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Associate Director of Bank Supervision, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation—**Sandra A. Waldrop** has been the FDIC regional director in Memphis.

Acting Inspector General, General Services Administration—**Charles R. Gillum** has been deputy inspector general.

Director of Public Affairs, General Services Administration—**Patrick H. McKelvey** has been the coordinator of public affairs for the White House Drug Abuse Policy Office.

Member, Interstate Commerce Commission—**Andrew J. Strenio Jr.** has been assistant director for regulatory evaluation at the Federal Trade Commission.

Member, Interstate Commerce Commission—**Paul Limboley** has been in private law practice in Nevada.

Member, Interstate Commerce Commission—**J.J. Simmons** has been undersecretary of the interior.

Associate Administrator for Management, National Aeronautics and Space Administration—**C. Robert Nysmith** has been an assistant associate administrator.

Out

DEFENSE

Comptroller—**Vincent Puritano** has retired.

ENERGY

Assistant Secretary for Nuclear Energy—**Shelby Brewer** has resigned to join Combustion Engineering, Inc. of Stamford, Connecticut.

HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

General Counsel—**Juandel del Real** has resigned to join the Washington office of the New York law firm of Kaye, Scholer, Fierman, Hays, and Handler.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

General Counsel, Federal Communications Commission—**Bruce E. Fein** has resigned to enter private law practice in Washington.

Associate Director of Bank Supervision, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation—**Mary T. Mitchell** has retired.

Executive Deputy Director, Federal Emergency Management Agency—**Fred J. Villella** has resigned.

Commissioner, Federal Trade Commission—**Michael Pertschuk** has resigned to join the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars.

General Counsel, Interstate Commerce Commission—**John H. Broadley** has resigned to join the Washington law firm of Jenner and Block.

A JOB

We soon will have an opening for a reporter-editor. Desirable qualifications include practical experience working in or writing about politics and government. More important are intelligence, humor, and the willingness to work long hours for low pay. Applications should be accompanied by a list of at least three references, and by writing samples, not necessarily published but designed to demonstrate fact-gathering and analytical ability.

The Washington Monthly

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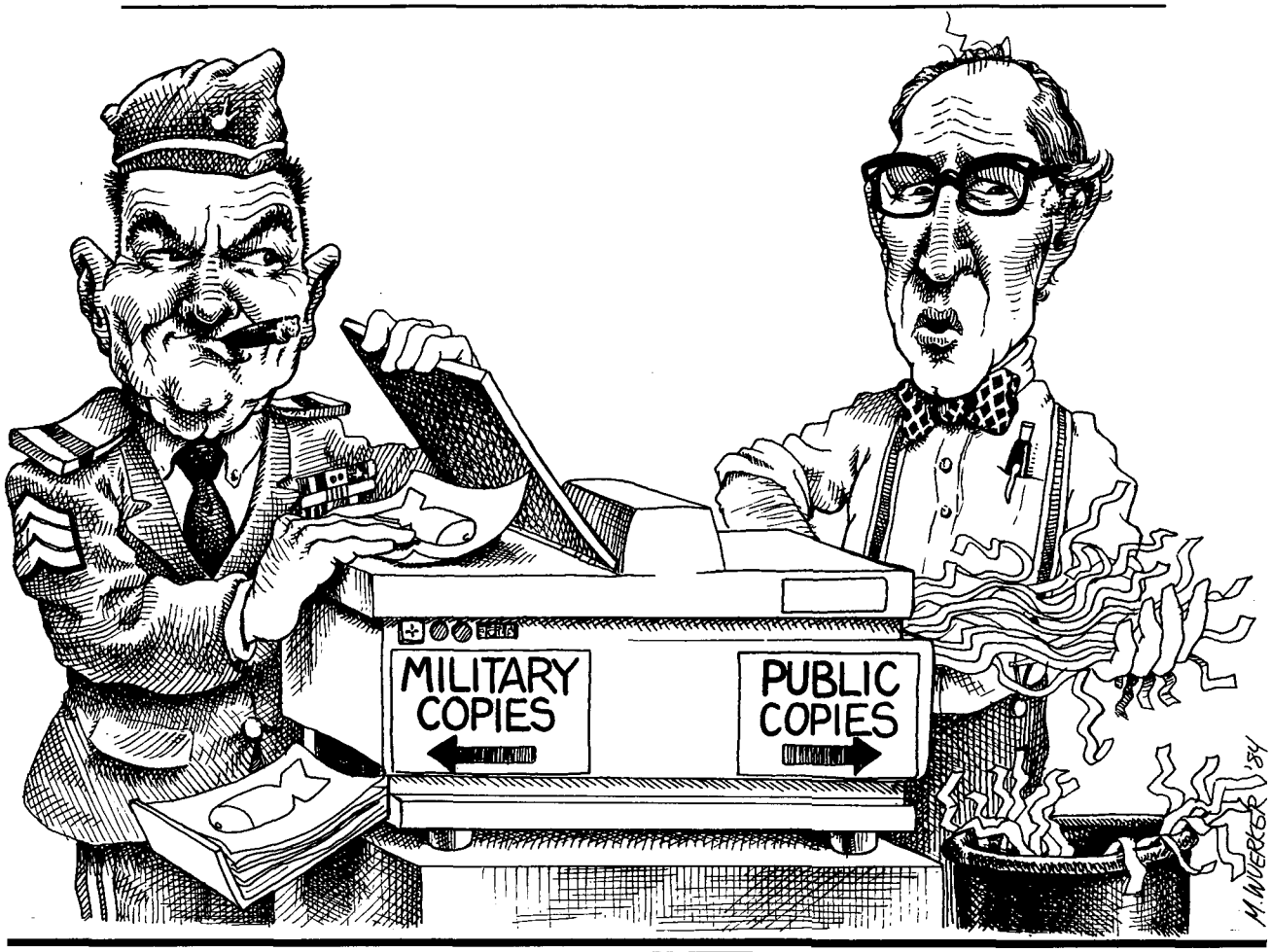
'Can Our Public Affairs Officer Help?': How the Military Keeps the Press in the Dark



by Fred Reed

I am the son of a naval mathematician, grew up on a naval base, and spent some time in the Marines. For the past ten years I have been writing about the armed forces. I rather like the military. They are far better people than they are given credit for being by the sort of cocktail Napoleon and fern-bar Clausewitz you meet in Washington—types that, I confess, I instinctively dislike.

Nevertheless, I have to agree with these armchair strategists on one issue: the military is indifferent to the concerns of the civilians—or, rather, citizens—whose interests it is supposed to serve. Indeed, at times the military seems to regard itself as a sovereign realm, forced by a malign providence into uneasy intercourse with the United States. The press is seen as the enemy, the Congress as an obstacle, and the Soviet Union as only a justification. I believe that this wariness of the civilian world has served not only to cover up systemic failures, but also, oddly enough, to obscure some successes.

The Pentagon's systematic deception of Congress is well known to the press corps, but let me give you an example: the strange case of the selectively voracious Xerox. Rep. Denny Smith saw a report from the Navy about the Aegis air-defense system, as embodied in the *USS Ticonderoga*, CG-47, the lead ship of the class. The document said that the *Ticonderoga* had tested wonderfully well against air attack. Smith was impressed.

Fred Reed is a writer for The Washington Times.

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He had flown 180 combat missions in Southeast Asia and knew something of the attack pilot's art. He asked the Navy for the raw data.

For more than a week, the Navy stalled, conferred, and pondered. According to Smith's notes, it first said that the chief of naval operations had decided not to release the information. "There is an immense sensitivity involved in this," the Navy perceptively noted. It added that engineering documents can mislead those unaccustomed to reading them. (Apparently only members of Congress who have been certified by the Navy for reading should see its documents.) But as it turned out, the concern seemed to be that Smith would *not* be misled.

Smith persisted. Finally, after he threatened to ask the Republican leadership to help, the Navy agreed to send the data, a formidable pile of roughly 200 pages, with the warning that if Smith released the test results to the public, it would be the last time the congressman got anything from the Navy. When the documents arrived, Smith searched for a particular index that friends in the Pentagon had recommended as a clear summary of the results. It wasn't there. "I found this interesting," says Smith, "because I had been specifically directed by Defense sources that without a doubt this index was the most important and damaging piece of evidence in the test results." He asked the officers who brought him the pile about his curious omission. Hah, they said, the copier must have been broken and just hadn't copied that page. . . .

This case of the selective Xerox and countless similar incidents are examples of the central fact of military journalism: the nation cannot take the word of its armed services. From this it follows that the country cannot be sure what kind of defense it has. For example, Aegis is everywhere rumored to be an engineering disaster—as are many other weapons. Washington's leakers and innuendoists assert that Aegis is nothing more than the aerospace community's analog of Aid to Families with Dependent Children. Yet the Navy insists, without offering proof, that it is an impenetrable shield. Who is right? Who knows? We cannot even learn whether it works.

Heavy vetting

The military has two principal means of keeping the truth under house arrest. The more pernicious, and least known, is a set of restrictions, embodied in regulations, on what military people can say publicly. The Army version is regulation 360-5 and is worth reading. Under it an officer (or enlisted man, for that matter) cannot offer an article for publication without first submitting it to military censors, who vet the piece for classified information, factual error (by no means a clear category), and policy implications. In other words, any dissenting views can be prohibited.

The nation cannot take the word of its armed services. From this it follows that the country cannot be sure what kind of defense it has.

A case of sorts can be made for 360-5. The military is an authoritarian organization, and a colonel cannot command if his lieutenants daily question his intellectual capacity in *The Washington Post*. But the regulation also deprives the nation of the expertise of those it pays to know about the military matters, and shields the Pentagon from revelation of its errors. It goes far toward eliminating accountability: a bureaucracy growing in the dark seldom does what it is supposed to do.

In practice, 360-5 is used with a vengeance. I once tried to recruit a friend in the Air National Guard—whose thinking closely resembles that of the Pentagon—to write military commentary for the newspaper I work for, *The Washington Times*. He was flying F-4s weekly out of Andrews Air Force Base. He could write decently, and I thought his practical experience was something that journalism too often lacked. He wrote a piece and passed it to the censors. It came back looking like a press release. For example, he had referred to the F-4 as being "no longer top-of-the-line," which it isn't. The Phantom is a tired warhorse, badly obsolescent. The censors excised this phrase, presumably because it wasn't upbeat enough.

I wasn't surprised. Many in the military confuse the desirable with the actual, and they quickly put loyalty to the group before considerations

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of truth. If it's our plane, then it's a good plane. Under such circumstances, writing candidly about policy is impossible.

The military's second means of modulating the flow of information is the PAO, or Public Affairs Officer. Just as the Soviets have political officers at all levels of their army, so we have PAOs, and for the same reason: to protect what is important to the hierarchy. PAOs are decent enough as people, but they are flacks through and through, saying what they are told to say. They are told to say that the Pentagon never makes a mistake. At most there may have been a little problem, but it's fixed now. Waste, fraud, abuse? We just passed an initiative to fix it, and we expect Defense to turn a profit next year. Like most people in public relations, their "helpfulness" tends to irritate reporters. In my estimation, the PAOs are responsible for a large part of the visceral dislike that newsmen tend to have for the Pentagon.

Just as the Soviets have political officers at all levels of their army, so we have public affairs officers, and for the same reason: to protect what is important to the hierarchy.

When a reporter shows up at a base, the local PAO escorts him. In principle, this is reasonable if his job genuinely is to assist the reporter in getting the information he needs. In practice, PAOs try hard to help the reporter get an "objective"—that is, positive—story ("Success at Pearl: Navy Depletes Jap Bomb Supply"). I once showed up at Fort Campbell to write a story about the 101st Airborne Division. The commander said something to the effect that he was glad to have me aboard and that they weren't going to hide anything from me. A surprising number of officers greet me this way. They mean they wish I had been stillborn and plan to hide anything they can—although commanders seldom have anything to hide because the military works pretty well at the bases. The thought of hiding things just comes naturally to them.

While I was watching the troops rappeling from a wall, a sergeant asked casually whether I had heard about the crash. No, I said, what crash? He told me that a Blackhawk helicopter had gone down, apparently because of pilot error, and killed a couple of men. I paid little attention. The Blackhawk is a good bird and the Army's pilots are good. I knew of no pattern of crashes; if you fly enough choppers long enough, you lose some. The PAO hovered nearby during the exchange. Later the sergeant found me alone. The PAO had chewed him out for mentioning the crash: what if that reporter went back to Washington and wrote about it?

The military-PAO complex seems terrified of enlisted men; it tries to keep reporters away from them. They will deny this vehemently, and it certainly isn't an iron-clad rule. On several occasions I have been put on a tank for days without escort, or simply attached to the infantry in the bushes. But such opportunities are hard to come by. The reason is that PAOs are very aware that enlisted men, especially junior ones, care nothing for the military as an institution and may burst into truth at any moment: "Yeah, man, race relations are bad, real bad. There's dope all over this ship." They are equally capable of wild speculation asserted as fact, bitter grousing about nothing in particular, and outright sportive lying to a gullible newsman. Either prospect traumatizes a PAO. By contrast, officers know the score, share the ideology, and understand that their careers will be ruined if they say the wrong thing.

I write a sort of Ernie Pyle column about military life from mud level, and for this I need enlisted men. Once when I spent a couple of days aboard the *Vinson*, the latest of the Nimitz-class carriers, I asked the PAO to let me spend time with some enlistees. The most he would do was find a gawky and shy photographer's mate, put him in an otherwise empty room with me, and tell him to talk—meanwhile standing conspicuously within hearing distance. Dead silence ensued.

Much the same happened at Fort Knox when I mentioned that I intended to spend the evening at the enlisted club. I am a disabled Marine, and therefore allowed on base unescorted. Depending on the service, I can usually go to clubs either by regulation, by buying a temporary membership, as a favor from the manager, or as a guest of a member. But not, I found, as a newsman. At Fort Knox a PAO would have to "escort" me—that is, monitor conversations—and because no PAO was available, I was not

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allowed to go. There is something fundamentally wrong when the American military is frightened by three privates and a pitcher of beer.

But it isn't just a fear that some enlisted man will say something embarrassing that worries PAOs. The broader problem is that military people just don't believe civilians have any business on base. A powerful clannishness exists. Once when I wrote of certain defects in the military, a friend of mine, a former fighter jock, called and said, yeah, Fred, we've got a problem—but don't let the damned civilians hear about it; we'll fix it in-house. I pointed out that in fact "we" probably wouldn't, and he reluctantly agreed. The instinct is not to tell the civilians, even when outside pressure might help solve the problem.

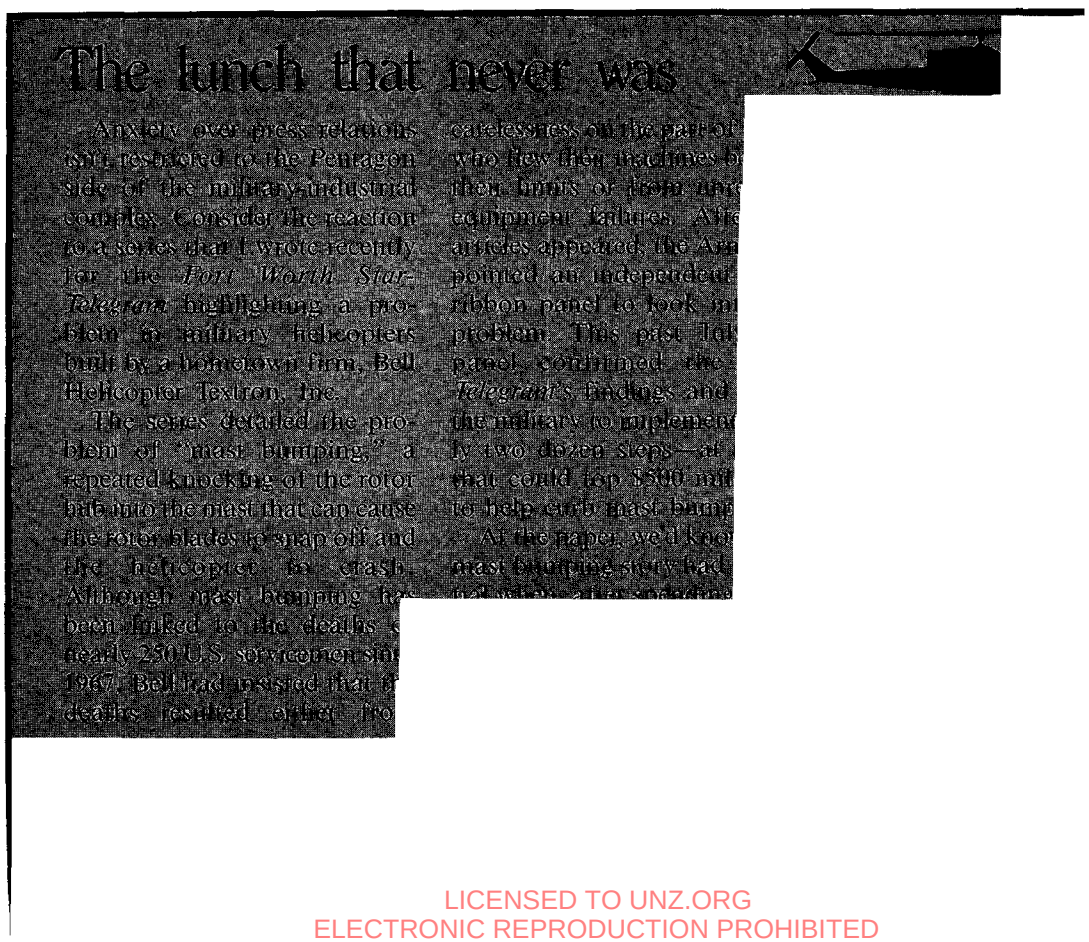
The idea that civilians are interlopers is ingrained in the military. I remember the attitude from my days in the Marines, and emotionally I still feel it. The average civilian in a military milieu is a baffled yo-yo who doesn't know road wheels from fire in the hole. He walks funny and can't set windage. As we used to say in the Marines, "Civilians just can't get organized." That's the worst thing a Marine can say about anybody.

As a cultural trait, the contempt the military feels for civilian life may be charming, but as a political position it is unacceptable. I was in Beirut shortly before a truck bomb killed 241 men, and noticed that security was nonexistent. I later infuriated the Marine Corps by suggesting that the deaths constituted criminal neglect. I have since been on a blacklist (which the Marines will swear doesn't exist). Recently a PAO for the Corps began to bend slightly, suggesting that maybe, if in his opinion it was justified, I might be permitted to cover the Marines again.

The tanks I get

The obvious conclusion to draw is that the military is hiding something. But often it is just hiding. There is far less to hide than many would have you think. Most of Washington would be astonished at how well the military functions most of the time—but the services hide this truth well. Even when cooperation would be to their benefit, they raise obstacles.

For example, almost without exception servicemen like my Ernie Pyle stuff about C-rations, running the bars of Tijuana, barracks life, and the joys of guarding an imaginary bridge in Texas from imaginary Russians at three a.m. in a sleet storm. A strong streak of nostalgic romanticism



The lunch that never was

Anxiety over press relations isn't restricted to the Pentagon side of the military-industrial complex. Consider the reaction to a series that I wrote recently for the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* highlighting a problem in military helicopters built by a hometown firm, Bell Helicopter Textron, Inc.

The series detailed the problem of "mast bumping," a repeated knocking of the rotor hub into the mast that can cause the rotor blades to snap off and the helicopter to crash. Although mast bumping has been linked to the deaths of nearly 250 U.S. servicemen since 1967, Bell had insisted that the deaths resulted either from carelessness on the part of the pilots who flew their machines beyond their limits or from other equipment failures. After the articles appeared, the Army pointed an independent ribbon panel to look into the problem. This past July the panel confirmed the *Telegram*'s findings and urged the military to implement fifty two dozen steps—at a cost that could top $500 million—to help curb mast bumping.

At the paper, we'd kept mast bumping story back [illegible]

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resides in soldiers. Officers and enlisted men have a well-developed sense of humor, which is one reason I like them. They also have a sort of racial memory of Bill Maudlin, and they love to see the military written about as a collection of human beings instead of as one long procurement scandal. They just can't quite bring themselves to let me do it. When it comes down to it, the PAO shows up and wants to listen. The officers want me to write colorfully about somebody else's outfit, entailing no risk to them.

Earlier this year I got a call from the PAO at Fort Irwin, where tanks engage in war games. He had seen my stuff, liked it, and wanted me to go through a training cycle, which lasts something like two weeks. Great, I said, when were some M-1s going through? He seemed unhappy with the question. The M-1 has been described by military reformers as a high-speed junkyard in perpetual disrepair. He'd have to get back to me. When he called back he said that he now thought two days would be adequate, and a PAO would accompany me "to answer any questions you might have"—even though the crews I was to ride with were experienced and entirely able to answer questions for themselves. Next I got a call from Forces Command in Atlanta, rescinding the invitation. Fort Irwin was installing some new test equipment, said FORSCOM, and they feared I wouldn't really be able to learn much about the M-1. Through the grapevine came word that the Army canceled for fear the tank would break down thanks to a lack of spare parts.

I never did find out the truth. There were enough contradictions to indicate that someone was lying. Given behavior like this, how can a reporter resist the suspicion that the tank is badly designed and the Army mendacious?

This time, however, it wasn't so simple. After I wrote an angry column wondering what the Army was hiding, the Pentagon invited me to Fort Knox to spend time with the tank. I went. There was no propaganda. The Army ungrudgingly let me test acceleration with tape measure and stopwatch, showed me what I asked to see, and in general did everything that I requested. In every objectively verifiable case, the Army proved to be right. An eerie realization descended on me: maybe the tank *wasn't* a lemon—despite the Army's inadvertent attempts to convince me that it was.

'Is this a chopper?'

The press itself does a lot to aggravate the

on the mast bumping story. The company's stance was perhaps best summed up by a terse message Bell delivered to the newspaper midway through the series: "This is to advise you that, effective immediately, you are to take the necessary steps to remove all *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* news dispensing racks from all Bell Helicopter Textron facilities in Tarrant County." I'm still waiting for that lunch.

As the series wound down, Bell denounced it in an advertisement in the *Star-Telegram*, in a letter to the paper's publisher, in 13-page information kits to key congressmen, and in packets Bell distributed to its subcontractors and suppliers. Taking a hint from management, Bell union members canceled their subscriptions, flooded the op-ed page with letters protesting the series, and unsuccessfully tried to take out a full-page ad in the paper urging an advertiser boycott.

The employees didn't respond to the questions raised about mast bumping in the articles. Instead, from the top man down, they complained that their economic interests might be threatened by such publicity. Horner led the charge by asking if the *Star-Telegram* had considered what impact the articles might have "on jobs here in the Fort Worth community," and warned they might be used against Bell by foreign firms "at a time of international trade deficits." In a letter to the *Star-Telegram*'s publisher, Horner wrote that the newspaper's conduct had been "unconscionable."

When the Army's outside experts released their study, they criticized both the company and the military for inaction. The Army responded by grounding some 600 Huey helicopters made by Bell. Bell officials—who had witheld comment on the substance of my stories while waiting for the commission's findings—have continued to maintain their stony silence.

But every cloud has its silver lining. In August the Army said the millions of dollars in contracts to modify the helicopters will be funneled directly to Bell without any competition. An Army official said that the sole-source awards would be permitted because of the "urgent need" for the fixes.

—*Mark Thompson*

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military's inclination to stonewall. Military coverage is regularly bad. The reason is that it is a full-time job and few papers will devote a reporter to it full-time. To most editors, covering the military means covering the Pentagon, where the military looks no better than any other Washington bureaucracy. This problem is compounded by the fact that young reporters tend to be liberal arts graduates, few of whom have served in the military. They tend to be helpless in the face of technology, and a bit resentful of it. This is a grave handicap, for covering military hardware requires a genuine interest in the subject, a technical background, and a comfortable familiarity with computers.

In Honduras I remember boarding a C-130—a four-engine transport—to go into triple-canopy jungle. A young lady with *Time* sat by me on the troop seats, wearing high heels. She looked up at me and said (so help me), "Is this a chopper?" Some years back I went to the Pentagon library to get a book on tank design and asked the librarian whether members of the press could check out books. She didn't know; *nobody had ever asked.*

There *is* an antimilitary bias in the press. Selling an article exposing, say, a new helicopter is easy. Selling a piece even partly debunking the criticism of the chopper is almost impossible, even if the writer clearly knows a great deal about helicopters; I suspect that excessive knowledge is taken by editors as evidence of having been co-opted by the military. A column sharply critical of the military brings invitations to talk shows; a favorable column never does. Typically, when I set out some years ago to do a story on admirals for *The Washingtonian*, a city magazine in Washington, my editor (who is no longer there) said, "I hope you find some really weird people." In fact, admirals aren't weird, but pathologically normal, which is perhaps their greatest fault. This sort of snobbery does not make it any easier for civilians to penetrate the military world.

Into the weeds

What are the effects of the military's Madison Avenue approach? Rather than raise the nation's esteem for the armed forces, as it is supposed to do, it has lowered the military's credibility to the level of that of used-car salesmen. An assertion by the Pentagon that something is true is, to many, virtual proof that it is false. The skepticism is deserved. It is ridiculous that I should have to measure a tank's acceleration with a stopwatch instead of taking the Army's word—but measure it I do.

Almost everything the military does nowadays is called into question. I can't think of many weapons that are not widely said to be badly designed, ill-conceived, ineffective, over-priced and unnecessary: the M-1, Aegis, Maverick, F-15, Apache, M-3, and big-deck carriers most immediately come to mind. The quality of training, degree of readiness, and competence of the officer corps are all doubted. Large numbers of intelligent people assume without question that the military exists to support the feeding frenzy of the defense contractors. Things have gotten so far out of hand that the ranks of doubters have expanded beyond liberal circles; the military reform movement includes conservatives like Senator Charles Grassley and Rep. Newt Gingrich.

The truth of the particular charges is not the point; the point is that we are rarely permitted to find out the truth. In the absence of either trust or information, military policy tends to be the vector sum of competing irrelevancies: the public whim, the congressional mood, the rosy twaddle from the Pentagon, the notions of half-baked reformers and a few well-baked ones, lobbying by the arms manufacturers, and liberal-arts militaria from bright young writers seeking to make a name for themselves.

I suggest that it is high time the Pentagon came out from under the covers. There should be easy access to soldiers. If newsmen want to see the infantry, then send them into the weeds and don't worry about what they write. Better yet, try to bullyrag them into going. A rash of exposes would be followed by knowledge and eventually boredom. As for hardware, the cure for bad press is simple: show us. This might also be the cure for bad hardware. The critics say the stuff doesn't work, the Pentagon says it does—but only the Pentagon has the hardware. Show it to us. If the demonstration is inconvenient or expensive, do it anyway. Give demonstrations that address the tank's alleged weaknesses. A tank is said to have a range less than it's designed to have? Or to break down every 35 miles? Show us. Drive a battalion in circles until the tanks break. If reporters want to see DIVAD, don't tell them it's in testing and therefore off limits—which is what I was told. It is the public's gun, being tested with public money by people paid with public money. Show us. Don't plead classification when specifications are published.

The military can silence most criticism of hardware by demonstrating it—if the hardware is any good. If they won't demonstrate it, the proper presumption is that it doesn't work. Show us. What could be more fair? ■

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MEMO OF THE MONTH

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Memo to: ALL DEPARTMENT HEADS

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Date: JULY 30th, 1984

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Thank you for all your cooperation.

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Perfect! Beautiful! Now Zoom in Tight on the Blind Woman's Face

[Editor's note: The following case study, drawn from Ron Nessen's novel, The Hour, *describes how the pressures of working in a variety of institutions—a television network, Congress, the federal bureaucracy—can subvert the truth in both journalism and government. Nessen, who has been both a network correspondent and a White House press secretary, has seen the institutional forces he describes from both the media's and the government's point of view. His story is fiction, but because journalists, politicians, and bureaucrats are human beings who respond to the imperatives of their various organizations, it is fiction that could become reality tomorrow.]*

Irv Aronstein, producer of "The Hour," was tipped back in his chair, chewing a dead cigar and drinking a can of beer. His feet were planted on a pile of newspapers, scripts, and clippings on his desk. On the wall behind him hung a blowup of the *Time* magazine cover on "The Hour." It was a cartoon of him, Marjorie, Mitch, and Roy caricatured as gun-toting Mafia hitmen, under the headline ARONSTEIN'S ASSASSINS.

"The show dragged," Irv told his correspondents. "Your piece seemed like it ran two hours, Mitch. I thought you were going to nail somebody for giving a payoff to the president. Instead, dullsville. Farm price supports are the world's most boring subject."

He went on for another 15 minutes, lambasting their stories, their performances, their editing, and the technical foul-ups. "One last thing," he concluded. "The ratings. We won't know tonight's numbers for a few days. But my guess is they won't be any better than they've been for the last six months. El stinko. *I* wouldn't have watched tonight's show if I hadn't had to. Do you want to be covering the night police beat in Sheep Shit, South Dakota? Then shape up, goddam it! There's nothing wrong with 'The Hour' that some good, tough, exciting stories won't cure. I want you all back here at ten in the morning to review story ideas and get your next assignments. Good night."

by Ron Nessen

This article is adapted from The Hour, *published by William Morrow & Co. Inc.*

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The following morning, writers, researchers, and associate producers, mostly in their twenties, mostly clad in blue jeans and t-shirts, straggled in for Irv's meeting. One by one the researchers read from file folders stuffed with newspaper clippings, notes on preliminary telephone interviews, and letters from tipsters. Most stories on "The Hour" had a clearly defined villain who was exposed, pursued, and finally confronted on camera. These villains fell into several categories: executives of companies that ripped off the public, polluted the environment, or harmed their customers or workers; government officials who were crooked or inept; and advocates of causes that Irv considered wrongheaded or dangerous. He discarded most of the ideas because they didn't seem likely to produce the hard-hitting, investigative dramas he needed to improve the ratings.

The meeting had been going on for more than an hour when one of the researchers reported having received a letter from a lawyer for a consumer activist organization offering to supply information about a contact lens solution that was causing eye infections among users. The lawyer reported that one woman had lost her eyesight from using the solution.

"Who makes it?" Irv asked.

"Manheim Eye Products. It's a small company out on Long Island."

"Sounds too small to be a story for us," Irv said, losing interest.

"The thing is, Manheim is one of the few companies that has approval from the Food and Drug Administration to sell it," said Earl Bok, an eager young producer. "So about 75 percent of the people who wear soft contact lenses use Steril-Sof. That's about four million people."

"Really?" Irv's interest revived. "Did you talk to the woman who went blind?"

"Yes," the researcher replied. "Wife of a guy who's laid off from his job in a clothing factory. She was working as a secretary, but had to quit when she went blind. Two kids. And this woman is one of your world-class weepers!"

Irv thought for a moment. "I like the sound of this one. I want somebody from the company on camera giving his excuse." Irv jabbed his cigar in Mitch Crawford's direction. "I want you to have this one, Mitch. I want it tough!"

* * *

Konrad Manheim was ushered into Holton Taft's law office. "Did you see the announcements?" Manheim asked. "Mitchell Crawford is going to do a TV story about Steril-Sof on 'The Hour' next Sunday."

"What's the story about?"

"A woman in Providence who claims she went blind after using Steril-Sof. The announcement shows this woman crying, her children crying, and then the woman says she hopes someone will bring suffering to the company that caused her to go blind. That's supposed to be us. What can we do?"

"I'll check the applicable communications law and regulations," Taft said, making notes on a yellow pad. "I believe the network must afford you a fair opportunity to reply to any criticism in a news story."

"The network already has my reply," Manheim said. "Mitchell Crawford showed up at the plant one day last week with a camera crew. He just showed up. He told our public relations people he was filming a story about the popularity of contact lenses. He asked permission to take some film in the plant and to interview me."

"And you let him?"

"Why not? I had nothing to hide. I didn't realize it was going to be a critical story. This couldn't have come at a worse time. I've just about convinced the bankers to extend our line of credit. Eighteen million. That will allow me to refinance the company's debt, and it should give me breathing room. But this damn television report could scare the bankers away. Without the new loans, we may not be able to survive."

* * *

Mitch Crawford (*on camera in studio*): More than 11 million people in America wear contact lenses like these. (*Holds up lenses.*) Those people wear contact lenses, instead of eyeglasses, for appearance and convenience, and because contact lenses, in most cases, provide better vision. But...there are also problems with contact lenses. For one thing, they must be kept completely clean, or else they can cause irritation and infection in the eyes. That is especially true of soft contact lenses, which are made of a plastic that absorbs water, and are a natural breeding place for bacteria. Therefore, the six million or so people who wear soft contact lenses must buy special solutions, to sterilize their lenses, to disinfect them, to kill the bacteria and prevent infections in the eyes.

(*Videotape of Mrs. Francine Barrish and family.*)

Crawford: Mrs. Francine Barrish of Providence, Rhode Island, bought one of the Manheim solutions last summer to keep her new soft contact lenses clean and disinfected, free of bacteria. But, to her horror...Mrs. Barrish discovered that the Manheim solution, called Steril-Sof, did not protect her vision. Instead...it destroyed her vision.

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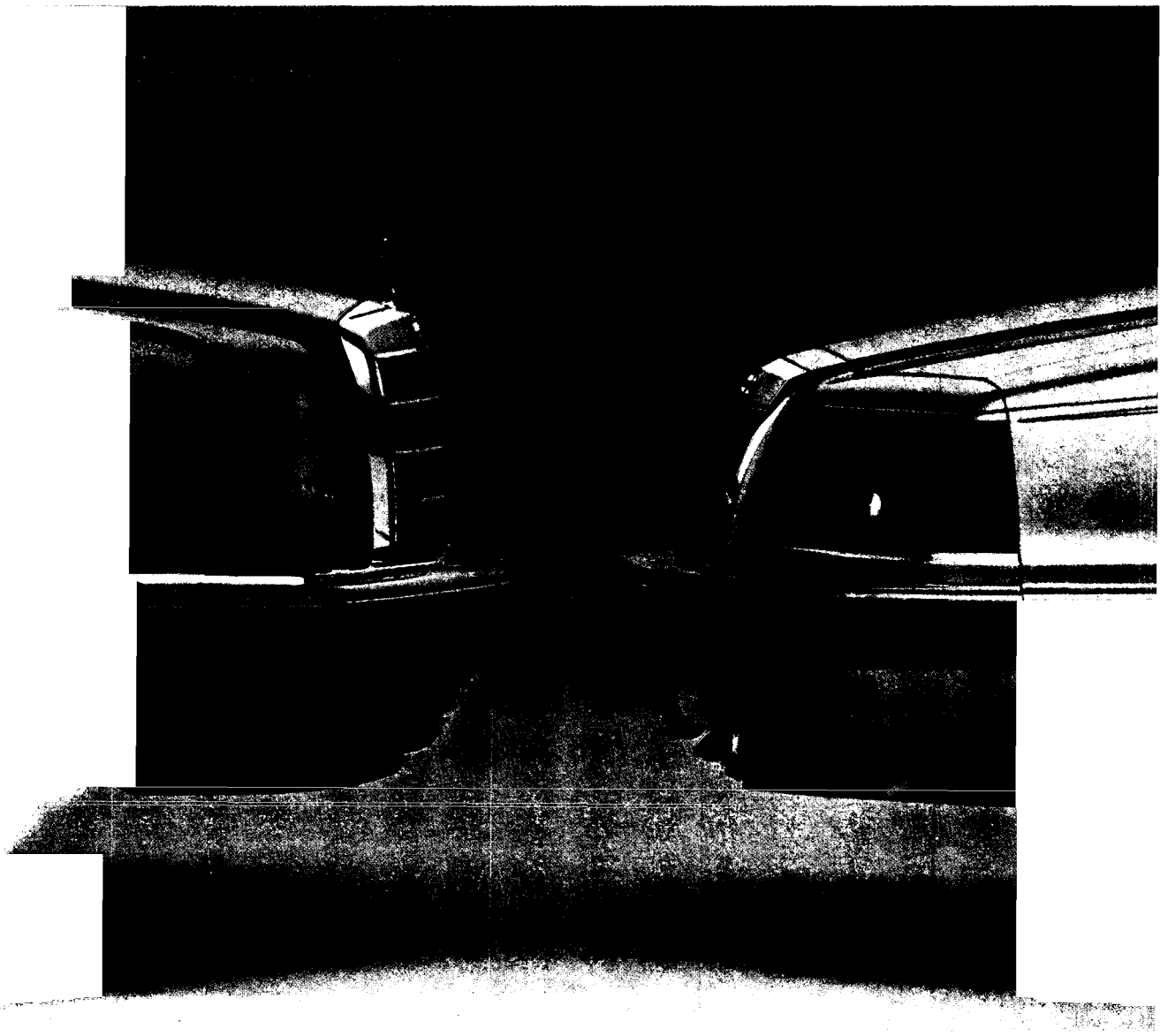
AN ABSORB



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Mrs. Barrish (*tight close-up of eyes covered by opaque black glasses; pull back to show full face*): About three days after I started wearing my contacts, my eyes got all red and started to itch. I called the eye doctor and he told me sometimes it takes awhile to get used to contacts. He said I should keep wearing them and I'd get used to them.
Crawford: And what happened?
Mrs. Barrish: My eyes kept getting worse and worse, redder and itchier. Then one morning I woke up and I couldn't see anything. This stuff, some kind of watery stuff, was coming out of my eyes. And I couldn't see anything. I was scared to death. My husband (*cutaway shot of husband*) called the doctor and he told him to get me to the emergency room right away.
Crawford: How long did you stay in the hospital?
Mrs. Barrish: I was there, let's see, I was there, I guess, about two weeks.
Crawford: And with all the treatment you received in the hospital, did your vision ever come back?
Mrs. Barrish: No, it never came back. I'm totally blind. (*Starts to cry. Zoom in tight on tears on cheek.*) I can't see anything.
Crawford: It must be hard for you.
Mrs. Barrish: It's horrible! Thank God I have my family. (*Pull back to show husband, two daughters seated beside her on sofa. Pan family.*) My family has been wonderful to me. They're all I have. (*Begins to cry again.*) They're all I have now. But I can't ever see them again. I can't ever see Tom and I can't ever see my two girls. (*Drops head and cries. Hold tight shot. Sound of crying up full.*)
Crawford: Mrs. Barrish, I hate to ask you questions at a time like this. But publicizing your case may save other people from suffering this tragedy. I'm sorry to intrude. . . .
Mrs. Barrish: Go ahead.
Crawford: When you were fitted for your contact lenses were you told how to care for them?
Mrs. Barrish: Yes, I was.
Crawford: What were you told?
Mrs. Barrish: The doctor said I had to keep my contacts real clean by using a special solution on them every day.
Crawford: Did he give you or sell you some of the cleaning solution?
Mrs. Barrish: Yes, he did.
Crawford: What was it called?
Mrs. Barrish: It was called Steril-Sof.
Crawford: Did you use Steril-Sof to disinfect your contact lenses every day?
Mrs. Barrish: Yes, I did.

'I thought you were going to nail somebody for giving a payoff to the president,' said the producer. 'Instead, dullsville. Farm price supports are the world's most boring subject.'

Crawford: Did you use it according to the directions?
Mrs. Barrish: Yes, I did.
Crawford: And yet. . .this horrible tragedy has befallen you. The best efforts of medical science could not cure it and you are blind.
Mrs. Barrish: Yes.
Crawford: And you believe Steril-Sof is the cause of your blindness?
Mrs. Barrish: That's how I feel.
Crawford: Did the company ever apologize to you?
Mrs. Barrish: No, never.
Crawford: Did they tell you they were taking this product off the market, or checking it for safety?
Mrs. Barrish: No.
Crawford: Did they ever offer to give you any money to repay you for your suffering?
Mrs. Barrish: Are you kidding?
Crawford: Did they ever express any regret for what happened to you?
Mrs. Barrish (*Zoom in tight. Tears start again.*): I feel like I'm in a nightmare, like I'm going to wake up and this never happened to me. But I know it's not a dream. I know that. I'm really blind and I'm never going to be able to see again! (*Widen shot to include daughters crying.*) I just hope somebody can make the company that did this to me suffer like they made me suffer. That's my only wish right now, that they'll have to pay for what they did. (*Dissolves in hysterical crying. Zoom in tight. Hold for ten seconds.*)
Crawford (*on camera in studio*): Did the Manheim Eye Products company act in a willfully negligent way? To get the answer, "The Hour" took its cameras to the Manheim plant in Garden City, Long Island, where Steril-Sof and other eye care products are manufactured. I asked Konrad Manheim, the president of the company, to respond to the charge that Steril-Sof is dangerous.
(*Videotape of interview*)

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Manheim: We take very great care here, Mr. Crawford, to be sure that all our products are completely safe to use. After all, our products are for the eyes, which are extremely sensitive, as you know.
Crawford: So you take special care to make only safe products?
Manheim: Oh, yes, absolutely, Mr. Crawford.
Crawford: Making profits is important to you?
Manheim: Of course. Isn't it to every businessman?
Crawford: Are profits important enough to justify selling a product that is not completely safe?
Manheim: Of course not.
Crawford: Then you believe Steril-Sof is completely safe?
Manheim: Of course. We wouldn't sell...
Crawford: Completely safe?
Manheim: As safe as any product can be. There are always a certain small number of people who might suffer adverse side effects...
Crawford: So you're saying it's not completely safe.
Manheim: It *is* completely safe in terms of...Look, some people....
Crawford: How many people must suffer "adverse side effects" before you would consider Steril-Sof to be unsafe?
Manheim: I don't want anybody to suffer side effects from any of our products. But the medical fact is...
Crawford: Mrs. Francine Barrish has suffered an adverse side effect, namely blindness, from using Steril-Sof. That would suggest to me that Steril-Sof is dangerous.
Manheim: That's not true.
Crawford: You mean you don't know about Mrs. Barrish?
Manheim: I don't know about her. Who is Mrs. Barrish?
Crawford: Will you deny she went blind after using Steril-Sof?
Manheim: I can't deny...I don't *know* her. Who is Mrs. Barrish? She went blind? Turn the camera off. I can't talk about this with the camera on.
Crawford: Maybe you would like to answer Mrs. Barrish's questions.
(*Split screen*)
Mrs. Barrish (*on left half of screen, crying*): Why did this have to happen to me? Why did they let him sell something like this that makes you go blind?
Manheim: I feel sorry for her. But it's not my fault.
Crawford (*on camera in studio*): It's not his fault...claims the man who makes Steril-Sof. Apparently, that's the only explanation Mrs. Barrish is going to get, at least until the case is decided in court. In a way, Manheim is right. This tragedy is not entirely his fault. He would not have been allowed to sell Steril-Sof unless the Food and Drug Administration approved it as safe.
(*Videotape of woman getting out of car in FDA parking lot.*)
Crawford (*voice over videotape*): We tracked down the FDA official responsible for testing Steril-Sof and approving it. She is Denise McDowell, the assistant director for the Bureau of Medical Devices.
McDowell (*beside car; inspects camera team with curiosity*): Good morning. What's this about?
Crawford: Are you Denise McDowell?
McDowell: That's me. What's going on?
Crawford: Did you test the Manheim Company's Steril-Sof and approve it for sale?
McDowell: Steril-Sof? Contact lens disinfectant? Sure. I didn't test it personally. But my office did. Why?
Crawford: You approved it for sale even though it can cause eye infections, even though one person went blind after using it?
McDowell: Whoa. You seem to have a lot more information than I do.
Crawford: Do you deny that a woman in Providence, Rhode Island went blind after cleaning her contact lenses with Steril-Sof?
McDowell: I'm sorry. I can't talk about this.
Crawford: The manufacturer says "adverse side effects"—like blindness—are to be expected. Did you expect consumers to suffer such side effects when you approved Steril-Sof?
McDowell: The testing and approval of new medical products is an extremely complex subject. I don't think I should be standing in the middle of a parking lot discussing something this complicated for television. (*She walks away.*)
Crawford: You are a public servant, Miss McDowell. You are paid by the taxpayers. You can't run away from your obligation to the taxpayers.
(*Unsteady shot, in and out of focus, as camera follows McDowell across parking lot.*)
Crawford (*breathless, shouting off camera*): Why won't you answer our questions, Miss McDowell? Come back and answer our questions. Why did you approve a dangerous product?
(*Camera follows McDowell into entrance. Blurred form of security guard looms in front of camera, clamps hand over lens.*)
Crawford (*on camera in studio*): What we have

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shown you on "The Hour" tonight...is a modern medical horror story. It is also a story of corporate and government irresponsibility. The Manheim Eye Products Company developed a solution called Steril-Sof. The government's Food and Drug Administration approved it for sale. Millions of people who wear soft contact lenses bought it, and are still buying it, because they were assured that it is safe. Well...it hasn't worked out that way. Someday, the long, slow judicial process will assess the blame and penalties in this tragedy. But when, or if, that judgment comes, it will be much, much too late to repair the shattered lives...of Mrs. Francine Barrish and her family.
(*Videotape reprise.*)

Mrs. Barrish: I feel like I'm in a nightmare, like I'm going to wake up and this never happened to me. But I know it's not a dream. I know that. I'm really blind and I'm never going to be able to see again! (*Freeze frame on weeping, grieving faces of Mrs. Barrish and daughters.*)

* * *

Journalists hate to acknowledge a rival's scoop. But the Steril-Sof story was too important to ignore. So, without, or barely, mentioning Mitch's pioneering investigation, the newspapers, wire services, and other networks set out to find other people who had suffered eye problems after using Steril-Sof. By nightfall on Monday, the *New York Post*, the "CBS Evening News", and the *Los Angeles Times* had found its own Steril-Sof victims.

After the twentieth phone call from reporters, Denise McDowell ordered her secretary not to put through any more calls except from her superiors at the agency. So when the telephone on her desk buzzed again, she knew it was official business.

It was the director: "I'm under a lot of pressure to suspend Manheim's license to market Steril-Sof. I need your input."

"Suspend it? Why?" McDowell asked.

"Why? The news media are beating our brains out because of that story on 'The Hour.'"

"Since when do we make decisions based on what the press says?"

"It's not just the press," the director replied. "Our consumer affairs office is flooded with calls from users who want to know if Steril-Sof is safe."

"It *is* safe," McDowell insisted. "I went back and looked at the file this morning. Six years of testing. It was safe when we approved it and it's safe now."

"You're probably right, Denise. But it wouldn't hurt to suspend the license pending a review. Then, when the flap dies down, we can say we confirmed Steril-Sof is safe and reinstate the license." After a pause, the director added, "I'm getting a lot of political heat. Congressman Follet is bent out of shape because the blind woman Crawford interviewed lives in his district. He's demanding we take Steril-Sof off the market pending a congressional investigation. His subcommittee is responsible for our budget."

* * *

Seated in McDowell's office, Holton Taft removed a sheaf of test results from his briefcase and began arguing that they proved the safety of Steril-Sof.

"You don't have to convince me," McDowell interrupted. "I *know* it's safe. I supervised the tests. And I reviewed the results after the TV program. It's safe."

"Then why did you withdraw the license?"

"I probably shouldn't tell you this...but...the director's decision to ban Steril-Sof was not a scientific one. It was, one, a political decision, and, two, a public relations decision."

"What about justice for Manheim?"

"What do you want me to do, Mr. Taft? Go to the newspapers and tell them the FDA banned a perfectly safe product because of political pressure from Capitol Hill and baseless fears generated by the know-nothing media?"

"People do that."

"Not me. In a few years, if I don't do anything stupid like criticizing my boss in the newspapers, I'll retire on a nice pension."

Taft's next stop was the office of Rep. Follet. Taft persuaded the congressman's legislative assistant to squeeze him into the congressman's schedule for 15 minutes, between a visiting junior high school class from Providence and a subcommittee meeting. Even part of that limited time was lost to a phone call that, at Follet's end of the line, consisted mostly of raucous laughter.

As soon as the congressman hung up, Taft rushed into his presentation, calling to Follet's attention the government's test results, which found Steril-Sof safe.

"I'm sure, Mr. Taft, I'm sure," Follet interrupted, waving away the papers. "But when the safety and health of the people of these United States are at stake, we cannot be too careful, can we? So we have removed your Steril-Sof from the stores until such time as we can be certain that no more people will suffer the tragedy that has befallen Francine Barrish. As long as we keep your product off the drugstore shelves, no one else is going to be hurt, are they?"

"The Manheim Company is being hurt, unjust-

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ly," Taft protested.

"I'm sure the company can afford to lose a little money, Mr. Taft, in order to be absolutely sure no one else loses their eyesight. If our investigation finds Steril-Sof *is* safe, as you say, well then, you'll be able to start selling it again, and no harm's been done."

* * *

Members of "The Hour" staff frequently returned to the office after dinner and worked late into the night. So the lobby security guard gave Pam Ganderson only a bored glance as she flashed her employee's badge and entered the elevator.

A production assistant for "The Hour," Pam had come to the office, she'd told herself, to clean up a backlog of paperwork on her desk. But now that she was on the darkened twenty-second floor all alone, she knew that her real purpose in coming back was to resolve her doubts about the Steril-Sof story. Sitting down at a pair of videotape machines, she decided to run Mitch's story and the raw tapes side by side. The interview appeared on both screens, a fraction of a second out of synchronization:

Manheim: We take very great care here, Mr. Crawford, to be sure that all our products are completely safe to use. After all, our products are for the eyes, which are extremely sensitive, as you know.

On the edited tape, the scene cut to Mitch asking a question, while in the raw footage Manheim continued to speak. Pam turned off the edited version so she could listen to Manheim's remarks that had been left out of the broadcast:

Manheim: Besides, Mitch, we're not allowed to sell any products to the public that have not been approved by the Food and Drug Administration as completely safe. And the FDA is really tough on us. Sometimes it takes six, seven, eight, nine years of testing to prove to the FDA that a new product is safe. Sometimes they never do approve it, even though people in other countries are allowed to buy it. So, yes, I'm sure everything we sell is as safe as medical science can make it.

Nothing unfair about that edit, Pam decided. Manheim was just rambling about FDA procedures for approving new products, restating what everyone already knew. It wasn't directly relevant to Steril-Sof.

Pam then cued the tapes to Mitch's next question. Two different questions came out of the TV sets. During the actual interview:

Crawford: So, between the FDA regulations and your own commitment, uh, you feel like what your customers buy from Manheim is, uh, safe?

On the air, however:

Crawford: So you take special care to make only safe products?

The camera showed a close-up of Mitch leaning forward aggressively. Obviously, the question had been taped later, after the interview, and spliced into the finished story in place of Mitch's actual query to Manheim. It was a common TV news tactic, called a redo or a reverse, designed to bridge portions cut from interviews and to show the correspondent's face on the screen. Pam decided Mitch's redo was justified because it cleaned up the sloppy language of his original question and took less air time. The substitution really wasn't unfair to Manheim.

'Now Francine, I want you to tell us about your wonderful family,' said the assistant producer to the blind woman. 'Tell our viewers how much you missed being able to see them after you used Steril-Sof contact lens solution .'

Pam inserted another cassette. It contained Mitch's interview with Denise McDowell.

Pam saw that the interview as it appeared on the air was identical to the recording made on the FDA parking lot. She was about to stop the machines and rewind the tape when the television set showing the raw footage lit up with a new scene. Denise McDowell was seated behind her desk, facing Mitch and the camera. She related the long testing process to which Steril-Sof had been subjected before it was approved. She discussed the minimal risks of using the product and explained why a scattered few users might suffer eye irritations, offering scientific evidence and referring often to reports on her desk. The interview had been cut entirely from Mitch's story.

The last tape was Mitch's conversation with Francine Barrish. Pam tried to watch simultaneously the original interview and the edited version so she could determine what had been cut. But there were so many starts and stops that she gave up, turned off the finished story, and concentrated on the tape recorded in the woman's living room.

Something seemed to be wrong with the sound. Periodically Pam heard faint voices in the background. At first she thought she'd forgotten

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to switch off the other TV set. Then she realized that the voices were people off camera talking in between Mitch's questions and Mrs. Barrish's answers.

Pam turned up the volume in an effort to make out what the off-camera voices were saying.

Crawford: How long did you stay in the hospital?

Mrs. Barrish: What was it, Ernie, five days, six days?

Voice off camera: Well, wait a minute now, I think you should count the period where you were going back to the hospital for check-ups, Francine. That would make it two or three weeks, wouldn't it?

Mrs. Barrish: About two weeks, yes.

Voice off camera: Two weeks sounds much better.

Crawford: All right, I'll ask you the question again. How long did you stay in the hospital?

Mrs. Barrish: I was there, let's see, I was there, I guess, about two weeks.

Crawford: And with all the treatment you received in the hospital, did your vision ever come back?

Mrs. Barrish: No, it never did.

Crawford: When you were fitted...

Voice off camera: Wait a second, Mitch. Francine, why don't you elaborate on that answer a little bit. That's kind of short, you know, just to say "it never did." Why don't you elaborate some more?

Mrs. Barrish: Like what?

Voice off camera: You know, like how you feel about your vision never coming back. Show how you feel. Show it, if you can. Go ahead, Mitch, ask the question again. Okay, Phil? Still rolling? Okay, go.

Crawford: Did your vision... No, wait a minute, I asked it a different way. With all the treatment you received, did your vision ever come back?

Mrs. Barrish: No, it didn't come back. I can't see a thing. I can't see at all. I'm still completely blind. (*Starts to cry.*)

Crawford: It must be difficult...

Voice off camera: Perfect! Perfect! Beautiful! Okay, now let's do that just one more time and this time, Phil, I want you to zoom in on her face, tight on her face, when she starts answering. Okay? Go, Mitch.

Crawford: And with all the treatment you received in the hospital, did your vision ever come back?

Mrs. Barrish: No, it never came back. I'm totally blind. (*Starts to cry. Zoom in tight on tears on cheek.*) I can't see anything.

Voice off camera: That's it! Sensational! Now, Francine, I want you to tell us about your family, your wonderful family. You remember, you were talking about that before? And how much you missed being able to see them? Well, you tell our viewers about that now. Phil, when she mentions the family, you pull back and show them. Right? Okay, let's go.

Pam recognized the voice. It was Earl Bok, the associate producer who'd been assigned to the story.

* * *

When Pam decided her chance of landing a job in television would be enhanced if she got rid of her eyeglasses, Dr. Kroll fitted her with contact lenses. The doctor was a television buff and relished her check-up visits as opportunities to pump her for behind-the-scenes tidbits about the network celebrities. So when Pam arrived without an appointment, the doctor gladly agreed to see her immediately.

She outlined the story of Mrs. Barrish to him, then asked him what he thought could have caused her blindness.

"Well, with no medical records or examination, it's impossible for me to tell you for certain," the doctor said, "but I'd almost bet it was enophthalmia, a very serious infection inside the eye caused by a bacterium called *pseudomonas aeruginosa*."

"How would a woman get bacteria in her eyes?"

"The most common cause is eye makeup contaminated with the bacterium. The woman gets a minute amount of the contaminated makeup in her eye, and the bacterium takes root in an abrasion of the cornea and turns into what we call a pseudomonas ulcer. Then the bacterium invade the inside of the eye and cause an enophthalmas infection."

"What are the symptoms?"

"Initially irritation, redness, a puslike discharge, swelling of the upper lid, and blurred vision. Ultimately, in some cases, there is loss of vision."

"This woman used Steril-Sof to disinfect her contacts. Could that have caused her blindness?"

"Not caused it. Maybe contributed to it indirectly. If some contaminated makeup got on her contacts, and she wasn't using the Steril-Sof properly to sterilize her lenses, then the bacteria might have gotten into her eyes from the contacts. But that wouldn't mean Steril-Sof caused the infection."

"You said the bacteria take root in an abrasion on the cornea. What causes an abrasion?"

"It could be a lot of things: a speck of something in the air, or a scratch from a twig or

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a leaf, a fingernail, or the edge of a piece of paper. In the two cases I've treated, the makeup applicator itself caused the abrasion on the cornea."

* * *

The chemical laboratory phoned Pam Wednesday morning. Its report on Mrs. Barrish's eye makeup was ready. Pam picked it up during her lunch break. A technician explained the findings.

Mrs. Barrish's green eye shadow was clean. But the mascara was heavily infested with the bacteria *pseudomonas aeruginosa*.

"*Pseudomonas* is a mean bug, and there's a lot of it in that mascara," the technician commented. "Did you get an eye infection from this stuff?"

"Not me," Pam mumbled. "A friend." She thought of one last point she needed cleared up. "Is there anything on the mascara applicator that could cause an abrasion on the cornea?"

"Let's see." The technician drew a magnifying glass from a desk drawer. "Uh-huh," he grunted. "This could be it. Take a look." Pam looked where he pointed. One bristle of the applicator jutted out from the rest.

* * *

"All right," Irv began, reading from Taft's letter, "what about his charge that the redos of Mitch's questions were different from the questions he asked Manheim in the interview?"

"We reshot some of my questions," Mitch conceded, "but only to tighten them up, take out some of the 'uhs.' It didn't change the meaning."

"Taft claims you showed the FDA gal running away from the camera but you cut an interview in her office where she explained that Steril-Sof is safe."

"She had her chance to tell her side of the story when I questioned her in the parking lot," Mitch replied. "She refused to talk. She ran away. That's how she responded when I asked her about the dangers of Steril-Sof, and that's what we put on the air. If she didn't want the American people to see her dodging my questions, she shouldn't have run away from the camera. The lawyer can't blame us for showing what really happened."

"And the interview in her office?" Irv prodded.

"It was a nothing," Earl Bok explained. "Self-serving bullshit. After she'd had time to think up excuses, she agreed to the interview. But, don't forget, she was the one who approved Steril-Sof. She *had* to defend it. Besides, you couldn't understand half of what she was talking about. It was all medical mumbo jumbo. It was unusable."

"All right. Let's see what else the lawyer complains about." Irv referred again to Taft's letter. "He says that on the raw tapes of Mitch's interview with Mrs. Barrish, Earl's voice can be heard off camera coaching her to give more dramatic answers. . . . Damn it! When I find out who showed Taft those tapes, I'm going to kill him! . . . What's the answer to that one, Earl?"

"The answer is: it's none of the lawyers' damn business how we shoot our stories! I don't understand why you've accepted his right to interrogate us."

"I'm trying to get enough reasonable answers out of you and Mitch so I can convince the network that our story stands. If we convince them of that, they'll defend the story and get rid of Taft. If we don't convince them, they may use Taft's charges to get rid of *us*. Understand now?" Irv moved on to Taft's complaints that "The Hour" hadn't made an adequate effort to track down the true cause of Mrs. Barrish's blindness and of eye problems among Steril-Sof users. Mitch and Earl professed to have relied on information provided by their researcher, Sherraline Waddy. Irv sent for her.

To be summoned before these three, Sherraline sensed, meant trouble. Standing before Irv's desk like a pupil called to the principal's office, she was nervous.

"Did you check with anybody, a doctor or anybody, to nail down that Steril-Sof was the cause of Mrs. Barrish's blindness and the other cases?" Irv pressed.

"I didn't," the researcher confessed. "I assumed that. . ."

"Assumed!"

". . . that was the purpose of Mr. Crawford's investigation and he would pin down the. . ."

"Never assume anything!" Irv barked.

"I don't have time to check every little detail of every story, Sherraline," Mitch told the anxious young woman. "I count on you and the other researchers to confirm the basic facts so *I* can concentrate on how to turn them into television stories. I assumed—I *thought* you had done the research and determined that Steril-Sof was the cause of these cases."

"When you decided to go ahead with the show I assumed that meant you all believed Steril-Sof was the cause. I guess I thought your investigation would confirm that it was or wasn't, Mr. Crawford. I'm sorry."

"All right, all right. We'll talk about this later."

The young woman said nothing. She was afraid if she tried to speak she'd burst out crying. She rushed out of Irv's office.

"I'm transferring her to the morning show," Irv said when the door had closed. ■

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Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Foreign Policy

by Jonathan Rowe

Mrs. Rosenthal lived on the second floor of my lower Manhattan tenement, amidst the odors of rotting potatoes, old newspapers, and rags that always issued forth from her lair. In fair weather and foul, Mrs. Rosenthal stood guard beside the front door; her warted nose, frazzled grey hair, and eyes smarting with hurt gave her the appearance of a frenzied gargoyle, matched by Harry, the elfin building superintendent who stood guard on the other side.

Though Mrs. Rosenthal rarely left the block, she had a world view. Events large and small, from a national election to a garbage strike to evidence of tampering with her mailbox, she laid to Israel's ancient enemies, most notably their personification at that time, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Hour upon hour, she stood by that door (in a black wool coat on even the hottest days, lest her sufferings be forgotten), working her gums in mumbled vituperation against Nasser and his fellow goyim. (Harry stood nodding in agreement, mainly

Jonathan Rowe is an editor of The Washington Monthly. *Matthew Cooper, Bruce Einhorn, Jeff Hackett, Zack Nauth, and Martin Olech provided research for this article.*

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because he had the shakes.) The slightest provocation could raise Mrs. Rosenthal's mumblings to Jimi Hendrix heights of free-form invective, and baiting her became something of a sport on the block. One day a group of Puerto Rican girls came sauntering past, clucking at Mrs. Rosenthal and giggling. Persecution was Mrs. Rosenthal's cue.

"You little *shtunks*," she spat. "Who do you think *you* are? Big shots like Nasser? Nasser Shmasher. I'll shmasher him, that schmuck. Schmuck him. That's what I say. You think you're big shots, too, do you, you little pishers? I'll pisher you, right in the kisser. Nasser, ha! I'll pisher him too. You get away from me. Get out of here." (This while chasing them, to their delight, with her stick.) When Mrs. Rosenthal got wound up, she could go on for hours, and before she was through, Lindsay Shmindsey, Nixon Shmixon, the Kennedy Shmennidies, and other persons of note had fallen under the scourge of her avenging tongue.

Whenever I hear the president or his cohorts talking about the world, I think of Mrs. Rosenthal. I do not wish to exaggerate. The Reaganites' demon, the Soviet Union, does loom larger in the world than did Nasser in the problems of the New York City Sanitation Department or in the provocations of Mrs. Rosenthal's young neighbors. But to see conflict in nations like Nicaragua and Lebanon, which have been embroiled for as long as anyone can remember, as essentially the work of the Soviets and their proxies; to excuse and support regimes like those of Marcos in the Philippines and Botha in South Africa because these are, we say, bulwarks against the Soviets; to contend, in the face of reality, that a government that calls itself communist is by definition a mortal threat, is delusion of the same kind if not the same degree. Yes, the Soviets are a danger. But to view the world as Reagan does is itself to concede a form of victory to them—a victory over our ability to see the world as it is, and respond appropriately. It's a little like having Mrs. Rosenthal in the Oval Office.

Slowing the Arms Race

American liberals bear the cross of having to prove their toughness on foreign affairs. On this score, Reagan's hands were free. "Because of his conservative credentials," said Reagan's successor as governor of California, Jerry Brown, "[Reagan] is uniquely empowered to negotiate and obtain ratification for a workable nuclear arms treaty."

As we all know, Reagan did not seize this opportunity.

He campaigned like John Kennedy establishing his conservative credentials against Richard Nixon—the "missile gap" became the "window of vulnerability." Once Reagan was in office,

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moreover, he showed none of the test-ban treaty side of Kennedy. Instead he used his conservative credentials in the service of policies that were conservative cliches. On arms control, the only real debate within the administration was whether to make the Soviets an offer that was totally—and brazenly—unacceptable, or whether to make an offer that had at least the appearance of plausibility. We ended up demanding that the Soviets give up existing weapons—something neither side has ever done—while we merely refrained from building more. Give me a dollar and I'll promise not to ask you for another. Arms control talks broke down for the first time in 14 years.

So determined was the president not to negotiate, he even ignored the advice of his own military when it was tending in that direction. The Pentagon, for example, had never really wanted the Pershing II missiles in Europe. These missiles would eat up dollars the military felt could be better spent on other things, and they wouldn't accomplish anything that our existing missiles couldn't accomplish already. The only reason Carter had supported this project was to make a symbolic commitment to our allies. Here was one of those rare opportunities to negotiate on something that was dispensible to begin with. Reagan wasn't interested.

His theory was that we could beat the Soviets into submission with an all-out arms buildup and rhetoric to match. But posturing like Qaddafi or Idi Amin wasn't exactly a fast track to an arms accord. Soviet leaders want to be seen as cowering before the capitalists about as much as Reagan wants to be seen as cowering before them. The administration's attitude that arms agreements "aren't worth the paper they're written on" wasn't conducive to agreement either. Kenneth Adelman, Reagan's arms control chief, actually suggested that negotiation can breed an atmosphere that encourages Soviet aggression. Reagan was right that we needed to negotiate from strength. But it is hard to believe that he really wanted to negotiate at all.

It was also hard to believe that he really cared about the spread of nuclear weapons, which is one of the few things on which the Soviets and ourselves should be able to agree. To Reagan's credit, the administration did increase its support of the International Atomic Energy Agency. This is the U.N. body that is supposed to detect any diversion of commercial nuclear plants to weapons production; it has been, and remains, notoriously weak.

But where Carter had tried to restrain U.S. sales of nuclear technology and materials, Reagan's policy was to make us a "reliable supplier." He sold such technology to India, Argentina, and South Africa, even though these countries had not signed the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT), and he helped arrange sales through third-party suppliers to get around the provisions of our own non-proliferation act. Then, too, there is Section VI of the NPT that calls upon us and the other nuclear powers to pursue in good faith a "treaty on general and complete disarmament under strict and effective international control." It wasn't bedtime reading.

While the superpower arms race was mounting, another such race was occurring in the Third World. Military budgets there have soared by 400 percent over the past decade, and in 1982, Reagan pushed us past the Soviets as the Third World arms sales champs, with more than $7 billion worth. In 1983 we exceeded Soviet arms sales by 50 percent. These were not just surplus jeeps, but sophisticated weaponry such as F-16 bombers, many of which we financed. Of course, rupees so spent are not available for other things. Pakistan, which bought $1.6 billion worth of the bombers in 1982, pays its school teachers $30 a month.

The countries that buy such weapons are tempted to use them. Quite possibly they will use them against us. Khomeini's Iran is now fighting Iraq with weapons we provided the Shah. When Britain invaded the Falklands, it was greeted by an Argentine army equipped with weapons Britain had sold it.

The president calls this a safer world. Of course it is not a safer world. The arms business is a bad business, and we should get out of it as quickly as possible.

This will not be easy. A lot of jobs are involved in the arms trade and the defense build-up generally. But the difficulty should not prevent us from deciding what is right and planning for the day when that can be our policy. The U.S. switched its factories from peace to war within six months in 1942. And we switched back to peacetime production almost as fast in 1945-46. We can do it again. Anyone who doubts we can have prosperity without significant arms production should look at the period between 1946 and 1950, when we did exactly that.

To be sure, there is no shortage of countries that are eager to sell arms, or nuclear materials, to just about all comers. The temptation is to let the lowest common denominator prevail and seek to become, well, the most "reliable supplier." This is a problem crying out for leadership, and that

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leadership starts with a willingness to show restraint ourselves. This Reagan has not done.

Defending Our Ideals

Whatever Happened to Human Rights?

That we talk about "human rights" as though it were a foreign policy frill, is itself rather telling. What is America about, anyway?

The Carter administration was not always a tiger on human rights; but at least Carter said to the world that if you want our aid you'd better treat your own citizens with some regard for human decency. This did not rout all the tyrants, but it was not without effect. Countries like Zaire, Argentina, and Chile eased their atrocities to some degree. Indonesia released 35,000 political prisoners who had been jailed without trial for years.

Yet there was no Carter policy that the Reaganites assaulted with more relish. "Utopian," huffed U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, leaving one to wonder why we bother opposing the number-one human rights violator, the Soviet Union, anyway.

This view of the world put those Reagan officials responsible for human rights in the strange position of advancing a policy in which they didn't believe. Elliott Abrams, Reagan's human rights chief, undertook the task with elan, assailing not so much human rights violators, as liberals who criticize human rights violators friendly to the U.S. The Abrams staple was a speech he gave to the Cuban American National Foundation, which is avidly anti-Castro. "They [these liberals] have spent years defending tyrants, years demeaning their own great nation, years obfuscating the truth," Abrams said.

Now, Abrams wasn't all wrong. Columnists such as Alexander Cockburn show an indulgence for the Kremlin exceeded only by Jeane Kirkpatrick's indulgence of the Argentine generals (Kirkpatrick was so enamored of the junta that she actually supported it against Britain in the Falklands war). The U.N. often does sound like, well, a Republican platform-writing committee that has slipped into ideological reverse. But people like Abrams become so obsessed with such one-sidedness that they lapse into a contrary one-sidedness of their own. They can't seem to understand that many human rights advocates—Amnesty International is an example—refuse to regard people in places like Central America as pawns in the cold war and romanticize neither generals nor guerrillas. They just think that killing and torture are wrong.

Hatred is a form of attraction, and we tend to become more like that which we obsessively oppose. So here the Elliott Abramses of the administration lapse into an apologetics that is almost a comic rehearsal of those of the liberals they detest. In a *New York Times* op-ed piece entitled (the man can't restrain himself) "The Myopia of Human Rights Advocates"—Abrams aimed his assault not at the Turks, but at those who complain about the rights violations of the Turks. These complainers just don't understand the travails of a country surrounded by enemies and with a history of instability—sort of like the Soviet Union, or Nicaragua, some might add. Then sounding much like an Upper East Side liberal coddling ghetto criminals, Abrams lamented the plight of the Turkish police forces, which are "decentralized, very poorly trained, and lacking discipline." What the poor dears need, of course, is education and professional training; but alas, "Vietnam-era legislation...prevents us from training foreign police forces."

What's happening in countries where the Reaganites have proudly rolled back the human rights policies of the Carter administration—the Philippines, for example, or South Africa? In the former, we see a populace rising up against a hated dictator. In South Africa we see torture and political detentions mounting, while the Botha regime enforces with renewed enthusiasm such racist measures as the pass laws. Furthering what it calls its "constructive engagement" with this regime, the Reagan administration has approved a $1.1 billion IMF loan for South Africa.

With Friends Like These...

We agree with those who believe that, instead of just being against communism, we should be for freedom and democracy around the world. The Philippines is a major test of that belief. And it is a test that we are failing with our continued support of Ferdinand Marcos.

Marcos is the Philippines president who buys elections and tortures and kills his opponents. In a country in which 80 percent of the people live in miserable poverty, Marcos has made himself and his cronies exceedingly rich by cutting them into virtually every business deal worth noticing. (His opponents talk of the Philippines "mining" industry: "This is mine. This is mine....")

In 1972 Marcos found himself barred by the

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country's constitution from seeking a third term. His rival, a man named Benigno Aquino, was poised to take power. Marcos solved this political dilemma in true democratic fashion by suspending the constitution, declaring martial law, and throwing Aquino into jail. Aquino went into exile here in 1980. We all know what happened to him when he tried to return in 1983.

Marcos a friend of democracy? Our leaders seem to think so. Since he took power in 1965 we have bestowed upon this dictator more than $2 billion in outright aid, plus billions more in loans and credits from the World Bank and other agencies. This is on top of the roughly quarter billion dollars a year that our military bases in the Philippines pump into the local economy through salaries, purchases, and the like.

Those bases—Clark Field and Subic Bay Naval Base—are the reasons that we grovel. Military bases are supposed to make us strong, but here's an example of how they can make us weak, moving us to befriend a Marcos and enabling him to jerk our chain. In the latter, he has become expert. Although our lease agreement for the bases was supposed to last until 1991, he has been demanding—and getting—regular renegotiations to up what he calls the "rent." To shut up congressional critics of his human rights abuses, he simply threatens to kick us out.

Without question, those bases are important. But are they important *enough* to make us kowtow to this Asian Bugsy Seigal? The official wisdom is that Clark Field and Subic Bay are crucial to our presence in the Pacific, Indian Ocean, and even the Persian Gulf. This litany has been recited so long, that it is time for another look. Leaving aside whether we really need to be in the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean to begin with, our bases in Guam, Okinawa, and Japan are close enough to establish our military presence in the region, and facilities in Singapore and Australia are available as well. The bases in the Philippines are not a major strategic deterrent to the Soviets: our B-52s, for example, use Guam. As for possible trouble in Vietnam, Marcos has agreed with Hanoi that Philippines bases will not be used for hostilities in that country anyway.

Even if those bases were essential, however, that doesn't mean Marcos is. In the Philippines we enjoy the great luxury of a political opposition that is both moderate and almost embarrassingly pro-American. Marcos has turned the neat trick of alienating not only those at the bottom but those of means as well. (Aquino, after all, went into exile *here*; Marxists don't do that.) We should be demonstrating to this moderate opposition that our commitment is to the people of the Philippines, not to Ferdinand Marcos. The shooting of Aquino has galvanized anti-Marcos feeling throughout the country, and the communist New People's Army has been gaining strength. If we stick with Marcos the way we stuck with the shah, we may well go down with him.

Reagan's idea of liberating the Philippines, however, has been to liberate Marcos from the human rights concerns of the Carter administration. When Marcos finally lifted martial law in 1981 and bought another election, a visiting Vice President George Bush declared on behalf of you and me that "we love your adherence to democratic principles and the democratic process, and we will not leave you in isolation." Comforting words to Aquino's followers and a message to the world. The administration is renegotiating the lease on the military bases to provide Marcos another nearly billion dollars over the next five years, split about equally between military and "economic" aid. The administration also has poured in agricultural loans and the like to try to keep Marcos's leaking economic ship afloat.

Marcos shouldn't get another penny. The Jeane Kirkpatrick crowd complains that we don't do enough to help our "friends"; but if America no longer inspires idealism in the world, it's largely because we are known by friends like these. We do not promote democracy by trailing our banner in such muck. If Marcos doesn't want our bases, we should put them elsewhere and let him fend for himself. He's not worth the bargain.

Knowing When to Intervene

Son of Bay of Pigs

Invasion is the most extreme step one country can take against another. We should do it only when nothing else works. Certainly we shouldn't do it just because we don't like somebody.

Back in the Coolidge era, our reigning wise men saw trouble in Nicaragua as the work of revolutionary communism in Mexico. Now the Sandinistas have overthrown Somoza, the U.S.-sponsored dictator and we see the hammer and sickle marching toward our borders again. "Exported from the Soviet Union and Cuba," proclaimed Reagan, suggesting that reasonable men could have no other reason for wanting to get rid

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of the dictator. Accordingly, he launched a modified Bay of Pigs, funding remnants of Somoza's guard, the Contras, to try to overthrow the Sandinistas and bring back the good old days. More ominous still, Georgie Anne Geyer, the columnist, reported that two American diplomats in the region told her that the administration seemed bent on stirring up a full-scale conflict in the region. What makes this news especially scary is that Geyer is no left-winger, but a respected reporter who is also a political conservative.

The question is not whether the Sandinistas are nice people. Certainly you wouldn't mistake them for the Tulsa Jaycees. But do they really threaten the free world? There is scant evidence of the supposed arms flow from the Sandinistas to the Salvadoran rebels. Their crime seems to be that they hold political sympathies that we dislike. We *should* aid the Afghan resistance against the Soviet regime there, which resembles Vichy France under the Nazis. We should not try to overthrow a government that a large number of Nicaraguans do support.

China ought to have taught us that even a straight-line Marxist government is not necessarily a threat. The Sandinistas showed at least the potential for going an independent course, and there was nothing to be lost in trying to build relations with them to this end, as we might have done with China to our immense benefit 35 years ago.

There is no guarantee that would happen, of course. But should a real threat arise—should, for example, the Soviets put backfire bombers at the Punta Huete airfield, which has the largest airstrip in Central America—we could deal with that as we dealt with the Soviet missiles in Cuba 20 years ago. That would be the time to impose a blockade, or even to mine the harbor. Reagan's error was not in doing so, but in doing so without provocation. It wasn't just a shameful disregard of international law. It was also stupid. Strategically, it leaves us with few cards to play short of war in case of a real provocation. At the same time, Reagan's actions strengthened the hand of the hard-line faction within Nicaragua itself, just as Soviet aggression would strengthen Reagan, and not Mondale, here.

When Peacekeeping Becomes Partisan

Trying to steady other people's altars is a tricky business. When you take sides, it becomes impossible. That's the lesson we hope Reagan learned in Lebanon.

Lebanon was a shotgun marriage to begin with, carved out of Syria following the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire in the 1920s. (See "The Tribal Trap," Gordon Rayfield, April.) Under an antique power-sharing arrangement, a minority Maronite Christian ruled over a fractious brew of Christians, Sunni and Shiite Moslems, and more recently Palestinians, who had encamped there.

When we became involved back in August 1982, as part of a multinational force to oversee the withdrawal of Palestinians from Lebanon, it was a worthy endeavor. And when we sent the Marines back after the massacre of Palestinians by Christian Phalangists, our troops were seen as friends and protectors by the Moslems and Palestinians in West Beirut. "We really felt appreciated," one Marine told *The New York Times*.

Then we expanded our role from peacekeeping to nation-building. We decided to back the Christian Gemayel government. This made us the enemy of the Moslems who had seen us as friends. Making matters worse, Reagan elevated this grade-B conflict into a Sam Goldwyn epic, seeing in the morass the hand of Russia acting through Syria, which was helping Moslem factions in the growing civil war. Lebanon was now "central to our credibility on a global scale," the president declared after the Moslems bombed the Marine barracks.

But, as the territory controlled by the Gemayel government shrunk to what one reporter described as "less than the size of Reagan's California ranch," the president had to withdraw the Marines. "The administration," *Newsweek* summed up, "had portrayed the Lebanon conflict as a contest of wills with Syria and with Syria's patron in Moscow; its pullback thus handed a stunning propaganda victory to Assad and indirectly to the Soviet Union. No matter what happens next in Lebanon, Reagan's retreat will also deal a sharp blow to American prestige and credibility around the world."

As we look back on this debacle, it's important to distinguish between the reason we went in and the reason we had to leave, for both shed important light on the policies we should follow in the future. We went in to prevent bloodshed, to provide a neutral force that would separate hostile parties. This kind of peacekeeping is something we should always do when it is needed. There are, however, important limits. First, many nations and many factions within nations do not regard us as neutral because of the Cold War or

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because of a history of our intervention on what they regard as the wrong side. In such cases we should use our diplomacy to encourage the use of peacekeeping forces from other nations, and we should always be ready to supply and transport such forces when our own troops can't be used.

The second limit on peacekeeping becomes apparent when one or both of the hostile nations or factions would resist the interposition of a neutral force. Sri Lanka and Northern Ireland are examples.

The third limit is the one we encountered in Lebanon. Ordinarily you shouldn't take sides. If the other side is as strong as the Moslems supported by the Syrians, or the Vietcong supported by the North Vietnamese, moreover, intervention is not likely to produce a happy ending. The one time that taking sides is clearly proper is when one country has attacked another. In such cases the international community should act as it did in Korea to throw back the aggressor. While this is always desirable as a matter of morality, there are practical limits, as the case of Russia and Afghanistan illustrates.

Peacekeeping, done with a sensible regard for these limitations, is not a pie in the sky idea. As long ago as the end of World War II the idea commanded widespread support in this country. Senator Joseph Ball, a Republican from Minnesota, led a bipartisan effort to incorporate an international peace force into the United Nations. Ball felt so strongly about the issue that he switched his support to Roosevelt in the 1944 election because Roosevelt seemed firmer in his advocacy than did Tom Dewey. A Gallup poll at the time found that 75 percent of the American public knew of the idea and supported it.

The U.N. charter did provide for peacekeeping forces, which have been used on several occasions since World War II. Unfortunately, the Cold War took a lot of steam out of the idea by making agreement on a true world police force seem impossible. However, much of the dangerous hostility in the world—whether between Greek and Turk, Jew and Arab, or Indian and Pakistani—has nothing to do with the Cold War. In these cases neutral forces can be vitally important in preventing or halting war.

Using Our Eyes and Ears

What didn't they know and why didn't they know it? Worse, Why didn't they want to know it? If you answered those questions, you would understand a great deal of the administration's blundering in the foreign policy arena.

Intelligence, or lack of it, has been a chronic problem. In the late fifties the book *The Ugly American* portrayed a foreign service that couldn't speak the local language and was totally out of touch with the countries in which it served. Twenty-five years later, Jack Anderson was reporting that right across our border, in Mexico, few CIA operatives speak Spanish. In Iran, only a handful of our embassy staff spoke the native language, Farsi. This did not enhance our ability to detect the revolution that was brewing.

This language ignorance is connected, in turn, to career patterns within the foreign service itself. Under the belief that everyone is a potential undersecretary, the State Department regularly transfers foreign service officers every two to four years. This is a great way to build a resume, but a crummy way to get to understand the country where you are stationed. As a result, our embassy staffs spend most of their time talking to local officials and other diplomats. CIA agents tend to be attached to embassies and thus fall into the same big-shot syndrome. When our embassy was taken in Tehran, guess where most of the CIA people were. And guess where they were when our embassy in Beirut was bombed. "It is not surprising that most of their reports read like diplomatic dispatches," a Senate Intelligence Committee staff member observed in an article in *The Washington Quarterly*.

The Reagan administration showed some awareness of the CIA problem, but by and large the old attitudes have flourished. It starts with the president himself. His lack of curiosity about the world is remarkable: though railing against communism for more than 30 years, he didn't get around to actually visiting a communist country until he went to China earlier this year.

As the chief, so the Indians. For example, the administration made little effort to find out whether it is actually true—as it persistently maintains—that the Salvadoran refugees we deport face little danger upon return to their country. "It's a question," human rights chief Elliott Abrams told me, "of how much time [we] spend on something we think is ridiculous." (See Jonathan Rowe, "Murder by Deportation," February.)

In all fairness, our foreign service officers don't get much encouragement to do their jobs better. When they do, they tend to be ignored, especially when they bring news the administration doesn't want to hear. Former ambassador to Iran

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William Sullivan recalls in his memoirs that as the revolution was brewing, our embassy finally began to realize that something was amiss. Carter and Brzezinski were committed to the shah, however, and would hear nothing of this. Sullivan and the embassy were ignored.

Scene shifts to Nicaragua. Reagan is now president. For months, our embassy tried to convey to Washington that while Cuban advisers were to be found in that country, it was not "another Cuba," as Alexander Haig had put it. In frustration, an embassy official unloaded to a *Boston Globe* reporter. "We've pointed out [their] distortions time and again and been totally ignored, or told to shut up," the official said. "They must be using our reports as toilet paper." The administration even recalled its ambassador to Nicaragua, Anthony C.E. Quainton, for suggesting that the Sandinistas were doing a respectable job in such areas as education, at a time when our official line proclaimed otherwise.

Vietnam was the world's longest running example of fiction from subordinates in the field designed to tell Washington what it wanted to hear, alternating with accurate reports that the higher-ups refused to believe. While Reagan's problem with reality is that he insists upon viewing it through a conservative prism that eliminates facts that don't fit his view of the world, the more common intelligence problem is illustrated by Vietnam, where the lying and resistance to truth were motivated less by ideology than by bureaucratic self-protection.

We won't have a sensible foreign policy until we have accurate information on which to base it. And we won't have that kind of information until we have a president who is strong enough and objective enough to listen to what he doesn't want to hear, and who understands and guards against all the ways a chain of command—whether it's the CIA, the Pentagon, or the State Department—can distort or suppress the truth.

Doing the Other Guy's Work

Get NATO Off the Dole

While the U.S. Senate was still considering the North Atlantic Treaty Organization agreement, Secretary of State Dean Acheson was asked at a hearing whether the agreement might involve a permanent commitment of large numbers of American troops. "The answer to that question, senator," Acheson replied, "is a clear and absolute 'No.'"

Thirty-five years later, 325,000 American troops are committed to NATO, and roughly half our defense budget goes to support them and Euopean defense in general.

Readers of this magazine know that we have been urging since 1970 that America bring home these troops. This is not because we don't consider Europe important, but because—with twice the GNP of Russia and with only one front to defend to Russia's two—the Europeans can now pay for themselves.

At long last, Congress is waking up. Back in June, Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia, a strong defense advocate, proposed an amendment to the defense bill that would have brought home up to 90,000 U.S. troops if the Europeans didn't start contributing more to their own defense. (We spend 7.2 percent of our GNP to West Germany's 4.3 percent and Italy's 2.6 percent.) Though the amendment was defeated, the relatively close margin—55 to 41—would have been inconceivable just a few years ago. The message is getting through to people like former West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and French President Francois Mitterand, both of whom have spoken of the need for Europe to provide more for its own defense.

About the only person who hasn't gotten the message is Ronald Reagan, who lobbied hard against the Nunn amendment and was responsible for the largely party-line vote. But Reagan should be the first to see the light. If we are going to get tough on welfare recipients who don't make a sufficient effort to find work, shouldn't we be just a little concerned when the Germans make a defense effort of only $363 apiece while we spend $819 (much of which is used to help defend the Germans)? Reagan ought to realize that the money saved from a more sensible NATO commitment would enable us to address such problems as the dismal lack of combat readiness of our own troops.

But if none of this convinces the president, perhaps a little arithmetic will. We currently spend between $70 billion and $130 billion a year defending Europe. The federal deficit is now in the vicinity of $180 billion. Reagan has pledged there will be no tax increase next year, and he's also pledged to balance the budget. Now let's see. . . .

Forget the Persian Gulf

Suppose the Iran-Iraq war heats up to the point where Iran closes the Strait of Hormuz, through which 20 percent of non-communist oil production flows daily. A disaster for the United States,

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right?

The administration seems to think so It is drafting contingency plans for the US to step into the Iran-Iraq war And on the broader scene, it's embarked on a $20 billion-plus "Central Command" that would commit over 200,000 US forces to contain such conflicts In early 1984 we had 20 ships in the area "There's no way we could allow that channel to be closed," Reagan said

But why not? We get less than four percent of our oil from the Persian Gulf these days Saudi Arabia, which was our leading oil supplier as recently as 1978, didn't even rank in the top five last year

Then who *does* care about Persian Gulf oil? Japan for one, which relies on the Gulf for over one half of its oil, and Western Europe, which gets around a quarter Japan is also the number one or two trading partner with every country in the Gulf except Bahrain, where it is number three It is the number one trader with both Iran and Iraq France is selling weapons to the latter

Given this sizable financial interest on the part of our allies, you'd expect them to help pay for the Gulf's defense But would *you* pay, if you had a soft touch like Reagan eager to do it for you? While Japan and our allies merrily make money off the Iran-Iraq war, we pay the bill to contain it

But what about that 4 percent of our oil that

And If They *Won't* Pay for Their Defense . . .

About that Japanese economic miracle you've read so much about The main miracle is how the Japanese have gotten us to pay for their defense for so long If we spent as small a portion of our economy on defense as they did, we'd have more than $150 billion dollars to build better factories and cars and to train better engineers. As it is, we buy their cars for dollars and we provide their defense virtually for free Our trade deficit with them last year was $20 billion

It's a little like the retired couple who sent sup-

Bring Back the Havana Sugar Kings

A photograph in the October 14, 1959 edition of *The Sporting News* shows a beaming Fidel Castro shaking hands with a crew-cut gringo named Ted Wieand Wieand was about to pitch the seventh and final game of the Junior World Series for the Triple-A Havana Sugar Kings against the Minneapolis Millers, whose second baseman was a fellow named Carl Yastrzemski Havana won that game, and the series; and though it had been in the league only a few years, the team seemed to have a promising future

It was not to be. Castro became our devil, we became his, and the Sugar Kings became the Jersey City Jerseys But baseball resides in a zone that is beyond such matters as ideology and the Cold War Despite 20 years of CIA plots, Cuban adventurism, and harangues on both sides, those Cuban players and fans still want to play ball "We all await the day when we can play against the North American Great Leaguers," Wilfredo Sanchez, Cuba's leading lifetime hitter (332 lifetime average) told Thomas Boswell of *The Washington Post*

We should give Wilfredo Sanchez and his countrymen their wish Specifically, we should admit Havana into the American League. It would be great for the game, and great for our relations in the hemisphere to boot The Soviets would be shut out cold As Don Miguel Cuevas, Cuba's native Joe DiMaggio, put it, "The Russians have yet to come up with a good left-handed hitter"

Cubans are nuts about baseball. "Even Brooklyn couldn't match Cuban 'fanaticos,'" wrote a sportswriter for the Toronto *Daily Star* after the Sugar King/Miller series A Havana journalist said of Cuevas: "In a baseball crowd, even Fidel would not receive the recognition of Don Miguel"

Among the Cuban baseball nuts is Fidel Castro himself, who, as a pitcher for the University of Havana, was scouted by the old Washington Senators ("Good stuff," the reports said.) Fidel attended all five games of the '59 series that were played in Havana, once calling off a cabinet meeting and dragging the ministers off to the park If only we could get Castro and Reagan, the former sportscaster, together, just think how they could reminisce about the golden days of Williams and Mantle, Snider and Mays. Sorry, Chernenko.

So there is ample precedent for bringing Havana into the upper reaches of the sport The benefits could be enormous At first Castro might insist upon a Cuban national team But the aim should be an entry that, like the White Sox or Athletics, consists of players from all over That way, folks in Fort Worth and Spokane could root for their hometown boys playing for the Havana team, the way basketball fans in Indiana root for the Boston

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port checks to their son in the New York law firm It is time for the Japanese to enjoy the dignity of paying their own way Either they should provide their own defense or they should help us provide it for them If they balk, then we should impose a defense service charge on every Walkman and Honda that enters our ports. This would not be a tariff, because it wouldn't be used to protect GE and Ford It would be used to protect *them* It would be a user fee, sort of like the gas tax You want to use the highways? You help pay. They want to use our defenses? They help pay too.

And if those Europeans continue to balk at helping us support NATO? Well, there are a few BMWs and Fiats coming over as well.

still flows through the straits? Fortunately, there's a way to protect ourselves that wouldn't involve spending a single dollar or deploying a single soldier It's stand-by gas rationing, which would tell the Iranians and everyone else that regardless of what a shut-off might do to other countries, it wouldn't have much effect on us Reagan opposed stand-by rationing, maybe he just prefers to fight Reagan has also opposed energy conservation, which has helped to make us less dependent on the Gulf to begin with Somehow, he has gotten it into his head that strength is seen in self-indulgence rather than in self-restraint

The British were smart enough to pull out of the Gulf in 1971 when they realized that other countries had come to have a bigger stake than they did It's time for us to see that light ourselves

A Few Easy Answers

Foreign policy isn't always an interminable conundrum Sometimes, it's easy, or at least ought to be

Perhaps the easiest form of foreign policy is those symbolic gestures that act as balm and make cooperation possible On this stage, Reagan, our most charming president since John Kennedy, should have shined He could have gone to Brezhnev's funeral, and Andropov's too What

(continued on page 60)

Celtics and their star Larry Bird, who was born and raised in the state. Similarly, American fans might feel just a tad more kindly toward Cuba if Cuban players were on their teams as well. It may sound remote. But a black in the major leagues sounded remote, too, until Jackie Robinson came along.

At the same time, we might even regain some of the good will in Cuba that politicians up to and including Reagan have squandered. "The U.S. ambassador to Cuba, Phillip Bonsal, got a big hand at each of the games he attended," *The Sporting News* reported after the '59 series. The paper went on to report an "incident" at the Cuban ballpark upon which every American president should reflect.

"As the Cuban national anthem was played," the paper reported, "the overflow crowd sang. Then it was 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and near the end a loud voice interrupted. Immediately after the last strains of our national anthem had died away, the crowd roared, 'Afuera, afuera [Throw him out, throw him out].' The culprit was promptly ejected"

This, don't forget, was *after* Castro's revolution, when we still had an opportunity to establish some form of ties with the country.

There would be difficulties to be sure. One is the resolutely amateur status of Cuba's players. They ride on buses, sleep in bunk beds in the visiting team's clubhouse, and—officially at least—all hold other jobs. They also have deep convictions about what they do. A *Sports Illustrated* writer reported, "When the splendid young Las Villas rightfielder, Lourdes Gourriel, was asked if he would accept $1 million to play major league baseball in the United States, he looked as indignant as if someone had proposed he seek employment in a tenderloin district massage parlor. 'I do not,' he replied in a level tone, 'sell myself for money.'"

"We give to the people and they give us back things that cannot be measured," said Wilfredo Sanchez.

Combining this attitude in the same league with today's million-dollar American players would be no mean feat. Pushing towards such an arrangement, however, would be several very strong forces. First, from this end, a Cuban entry would be a gate attraction that baseball's money-minded executives—and their brethren at ABC Sports—would not fail to note. "I don't think other clubs would stand for one team getting a foothold there," said Baltimore Orioles General Manager Hank Peters, when the leagues stopped George Steinbrenner from taking the Yankees for an exhibition series in Havana. On the opposite shore, even Fidel would be hard pressed to deny his countrymen the opportunity to see in the flesh the immortals in the "Great Leagues," once the opportunity were advanced Fidel, too, in his own way, understands the economic importance of the sport. "Baseball helps the [sugar] harvest," he has said. If we can trade wheat with the Russians, there must be a way to play baseball with the Cubans.

Besides, a few Lourdes Gourriels and Wilfredo Sanchez's, with their indifference to money, would not be a bad example for us. An aide to the Persian King Mardonious, upon hearing that the rival Greeks competed among one another for mere olive wreaths, said plaintively to his master, "Woe unto us, Mardonious. Against what manner of men are you leading us, since they do not compete for gold, but for honor alone."

—*J.R.*

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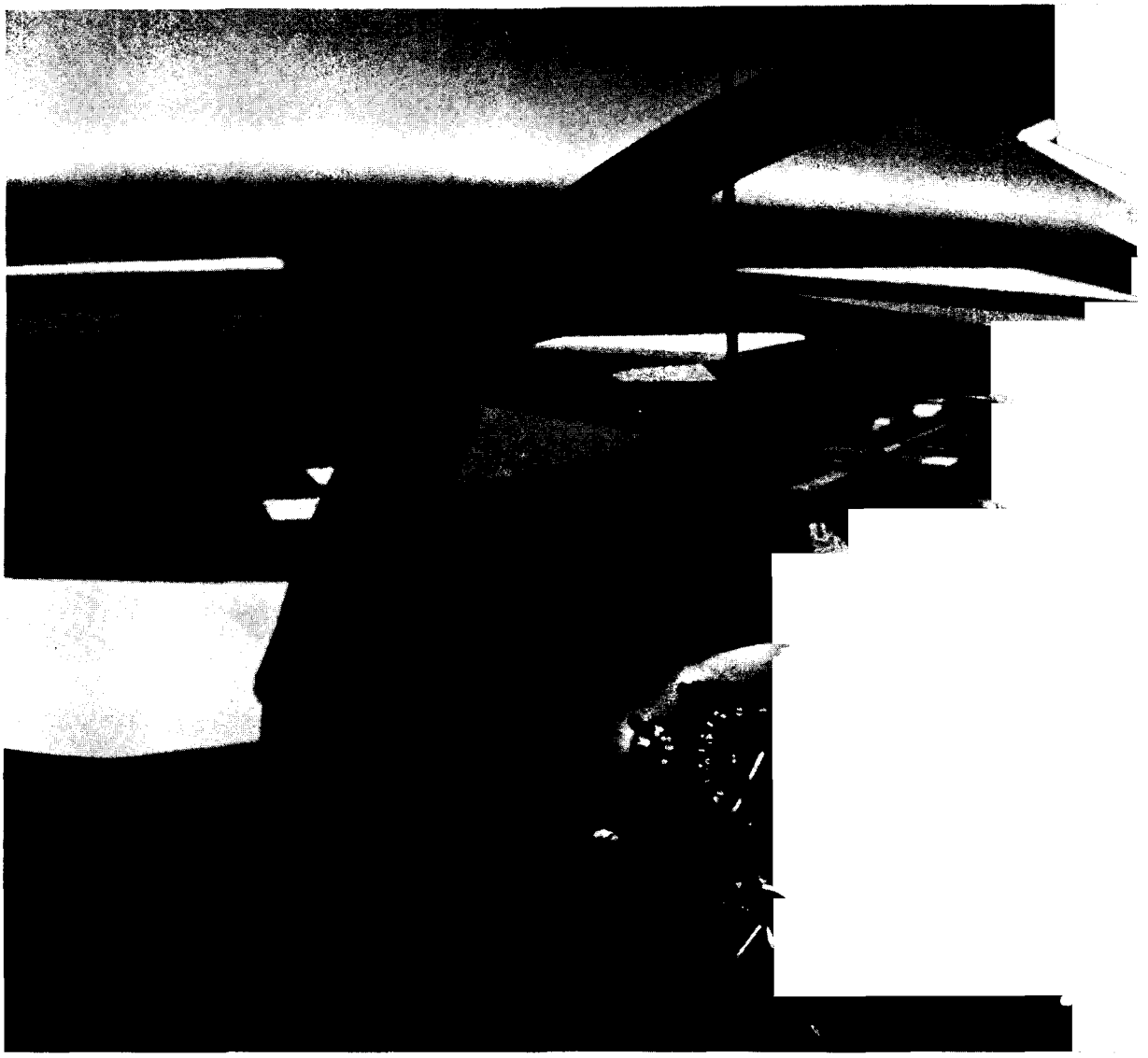

FIGHTING WOR QUAF

A few miles outside Montgomery, Alabama, a major new addition is rising on the U.S. Air University campus at Maxwell Air Force Base. At dedication ceremonies this fall, the Air University will be unveiling the world's most sophisticated wargaming center, designed to train a professional elite of officers, airmen, and civilians in the fine points of modern warfare. The wargaming center is similar to ones already set up at other service academies, a new method of training that is changing the military's concept of war and combat in the nuclear age.

The *Catalogue of Wargaming and Military Simulation Models*, put out by the Studies Analysis and Gaming Agency (SAGAM) of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is the most complete list available of computerized wargames in active use. The catalog provides brief descriptions of the games, including an explanation of why each was developed. There are games for each branch of the military; there are guerrilla war games, ballistic missile defense games, chemical warfare

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Photo courtesy of *Air Force Magazine.*

LD WAR III WITH TERS

by Josh Martin

games, communications games, transportation and supply games, environmental effects games, economic consequences games, security games, and more.

Wargames have become big business, according to SAGAM. At least 43 corporations and universities are developing wargames. The top four makers have contracts with the Defense Department totaling more than $1.3 billion.

There are at least 363 wargames, exercises, and models now being used by the defense establishment, with an estimated 50 nuclear wars and thousands of smaller conflicts—sea battles, air fights, tank maneuvers, etc.—taking place daily.

But this training is producing a high-tech military elite that may not be able to distinguish the games from reality. Many officers already prefer the wargames because the wars are clean and fought according to plan. In fact the games have come to dominate military thinking because

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they can make a complex situation conveniently simple. Wargames simplify situations because they must; the computers on which they are played can handle only a finite amount of information. As a result, games meant to teach the facts of war alter or discard those facts as computers and game plans demand.

"Inaccuracies in the simulation—assumptions that battles are letter-perfect—can result in chaos under real battlefield conditions," notes Douglas Matthews, an analyst at the Center for Defense Information. "Designers or military planners factor out irregularities and items they don't want to face. But it's the dirty little items that can affect the outcome of a battle or war. You won't see perfect mobilization or execution."

This is true particularly in the nuclear-related games, where key elements of a real nuclear engagement are omitted. For example, in Arsenal Exchange Model (AEM Hedge), which involves land, sea, and air forces, geography is not explicitly considered. Another game, REACT Model, developed by the Federal Emergency Management Agency "to provide quick estimates of losses...while a nuclear attack is in progress," bases casualty estimates on direct effects only; there is no consideration of radioactive fallout. Similar omissions haunt NUBAM (Nuclear Weapons Battlefield Analysis Model), which "measures the effectiveness of different tactical nuclear weapons where the measurable damage mechanism is the neutron and gamma radiation to personnel." Unfortunately, it doesn't calculate the effects of the blast and the heat radiation. Yet the game is played several hundred times a year, influencing the way the military conceives a nuclear exchange. Another game, NUWEP, designed by the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, tells the player whether the deployment of nuclear weapons in a major battle is practical. Enemy countermeasures aren't considered.

The popularity of these games, and their omissions and oversimplifications, have contributed to two dangerous theories that have gained wide acceptance in the Pentagon: first, that a limited nuclear war can be fought, and second, that such a nuclear war is winnable.

CIVIC III, a wargame the Defense Nuclear Agency uses to estimate civilian fatalities and casualties "resulting from the prompt fallout environments of a nuclear weapon laydown," assumes that "fallout-producing weapons will be limited to 1,500." But critics contend that the real figure is more likely to be in the neighborhood of 10,000. Even more unrealistic is VALIMAR, developed for the Joint Chiefs of Staff to assess damage inflicted on both sides by a nuclear exchange. It allows only 63 weapons to be used in the exchange.

Video wargames have fostered similar assumptions about the conduct of conventional wars, making America's military posture in Central America as irrelevant as it was in Vietnam. For example, ARTBASS (Army Training Battle Simulator System), developed by the Combined Arms Training Activity at Fort Leavenworth's Ar-

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my Command and General Staff College, is a mobile wargame that can be shipped around the country and hooked up at bases to train battalion commanders and staffs in small-scale troop maneuvers. It assumes that all soldiers in a battalion will rise and charge into battle. It makes no allowances for mud and slime, human fear (or bravery), or major equipment malfunction. Furthermore, the "enemy" is expected to act according to certain simplistic rules—a fatal error that repeatedly cost our military dearly in Vietnam.

The skill with which officers play these wargames is being used to determine their advancement in rank. As a result, military officers now rising through the ranks are the first whose war experience may be limited largely to computerized simulations. They have become accustomed to the luxury of making split-second decisions without having to deal with the frequently messy details that can slow down the most mechanized unit. They will also, because of the brief playing time of the games, become accustomed to the illusion that engagements will be quick. While this technique is useful in training officers to make fast decisions, it leaves them ill-prepared to fight battles in real time, when a commander may have to cope with lengthy delays prior to an engagement. Even in those instances when the game is played in real time, players lose the sense of physically being at war. Since the wargames take place in staff rooms or special wargaming centers, commanders never taste the smoke and dust of combat, much less experience the killing and destruction of battle. They come to the games with briefcases in hand and leave the same way.

You won't hear criticism like this on the Air University campus or in the Pentagon offices where the nation's wargaming centers are being planned. The Defense Department remains convinced, as one high-ranking official put it, that "our boys are working on the real thing." A wargame developer went further, defending the validity of his products: "A video game is an end in itself, whereas a wargame is the means to the ultimate end." ■

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Timothy Noah ON POLITICAL BOOKS

The economy's poor performance throughout the 1970s put liberalism in the hot seat. By the early 1980s, a number of ideas that had been taken for granted by liberals (and, to some extent, society as a whole) were undergoing a grilling. One of these ideas was equality. With the economy sagging, could we really afford to tinker with the distribution of wealth? Wasn't it more important to focus on the creation of wealth? What had equality ever done for the GNP? Indeed, in a capitalist society, where everyone wants to be richer than his neighbor, isn't the name of the game *inequality*? These are all intrinsically conservative questions, but most people have raised them less out of a commitment to the 1964 Republican party platform than out of an urgent sense that liberalism's laudable goal of spreading material reward throughout society has failed to keep the economic fires going. As Robert Kuttner puts it in his new book,* "inequality has regained ideological currency not as a morally attractive ideal but as necessary economics."

The Economic Illusion sets out to prove that the pursuit of equality needn't conflict with economic growth, and can sometimes actually contribute to it. Kuttner's method is to rummage through the evidence that has piled up in a variety of western nations, especially in Europe, and look for cases where egalitarian policies and economic efficiency are in harmony. Thus he finds, for example, that in West Germany, where overall taxation has been higher, so has economic growth, while inflation has been lower. Meanwhile, in Sweden, where pensions are far more heavily socialized than in America, the resulting available investment capital has been the equivalent of (yumpin' yiminy!) *two trillion* American dollars as a percentage of GNP. Along the way, Kuttner is honest enough to concede that egalitarian institutions have sometimes made a hash of things. (For example, he notes that trade unions in Britain and America have made militant demands for wages far above the national average.) But as often as not he argues that the reason is not too much equality, but too little. (British and American unions are said to be too decentralized.)

Kuttner's engaging view of government as an endless experiment allows him to express sympathy for the left without having to defend everything that's ever been done in the name of democratic socialism. Some experiments end well; others end badly. This approach in itself goes a long way toward making Kuttner's argument for him: it is difficult to make *any* damning generalizations about the pursuit of equality given the variety of government policies described in his book. But if Kuttner is able to fight economic "realists" to a draw in defending equality as an affordable social goal, he is less successful in making the case for the kind of equality he wants. For a book that is supposed to be about social justice, there is surprisingly little focus on those at the bottom of society, whose stake in equality is the greatest. Instead, Kuttner focuses his interest on those whose concerns have increasingly supplanted those of the poor in the left's definition of equality: the middle class.

Kuttner's practical case for equality consists largely of an attack on the supply-side idea that the economy is in trouble because taxes are too high and, consequently, the amount of capital available to invest in the private sector—where jobs must be created, plants must be retooled, and research must ensure prosperity for the future—is too low. In fact, Kuttner shows, high tax rates can exist in a healthy economy; in addition to the example of West Germany, there's Japan, the nation every CEO is supposed to regard with envy, where corporations pay the world's highest effective tax rate on profits. As for capital, Kuttner notes that almost any way you define "savings," the supply has tended to remain uniform in the United States throughout the postwar period.

So what is the source of our problems? Not, Kuttner suggests, the *overall* level of taxation and amount of available capital, but rather the way we've distributed them. Far too much capital, for example, has been gobbled up in the various tax subsidies given to the housing industry, including the most popular tax deduction of all, the mortgage interest deduction. Kuttner proposes that we cap the tax subsidy, making sure that we keep it in place for the young family "looking at $1,000 monthly payments as the ticket of admission to their first house." But here we begin to see the trouble with Kuttner's brand of "equality": in his eagerness to empathize with that young family, he fails to consider those who can't afford to pay the $1,000 monthly admission fee, even when subsidized. It is the taxes of poor renters that must to some extent make up the revenue lost to the middle and upper classes through housing subsidies. The further such subsidies can be restricted, the less burden left on the poor. One solution that would not only reduce this burden but also lessen the housing shortage that is largely responsible for that young family's problem in the first place would be to target housing subsidies to new construction. This would also bring us closer to full employment, which Kuttner correctly notes throughout his book is the first essential step toward equality.

In general, our economic policies, taxes included, should give special encouragement not to trading on existing assets, but to the creation of new housing, automobiles, computers—that is, to encourage new, job-creating plants and enterprises. But Kuttner is more willing to say where capital shouldn't go than he is to propose where it should go.

Timothy Noah is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

* *The Economic Illusion: False Choices Between Prosperity and Social Justice.* Robert Kuttner. Houghton Mifflin, $19.95.

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Instead of exploring the creative uses of capital, Kuttner chooses to promote one vehicle that can be used to allocate capital: the pension fund. A pension fund, he notes approvingly, "enhances capital accumulation and broadens the distribution of wealth at the same time." He observes with relish that this particular brand of collectivism has flourished on Wall Street: pension funds now account for somewhere between a third to a half of investment in the New York Stock Exchange. But because they are protecting the retirement income of their members, pension funds tend to be cautious. Kuttner's answer to this is that bank trust departments investing the fortunes of rich widows are cautious, too. That doesn't matter much, he suggests, because "most of the demands on the nation's organized capital markets are from stable, institutional customers—not rugged entrepreneurs." But if there's a shortage of entrepreneurs—and there is—then the answer is not to shrug, but to think of ways we can encourage entrepreneurship.

If we are going to have more jobs, we are going to need more risk-taking investments. Economic growth also requires greater concern for long-term results. Yet the managers of today's pension funds tend to unload their investments in the face of short-term earning decline. This means that the companies in which they invest are discouraged from taking steps that would produce long-term growth but would also involve reducing profits in the immediate future. The union pension funds thus serve the interest of present and past workers. They do not contribute to the expansion of opportunity, to the creation of new work for those who have none. Kuttner seems to care more about the "haves" in the unions than the "have nots," who have yet to take the first step up the economic ladder.

Indeed, the further one reads into Kuttner's book, the more one is struck by the numbers of deserving people left out of his definition of equality. Take the issue of trade, where Kuttner argues for protectionism in the name of equality for the American worker. Specifically, he takes on the theory of "comparative advantage," which says that allowing countries to produce what they're best at without trade restrictions will ultimately benefit everybody. The trouble with "comparative advantage," Kuttner argues, is that it denies that government assistance, either through tax subsidies, trade restrictions, or direct investment, can help put an industry on its feet. Kuttner points out that the United States tacitly violated its own professed free trade principles when it insisted on keeping agriculture

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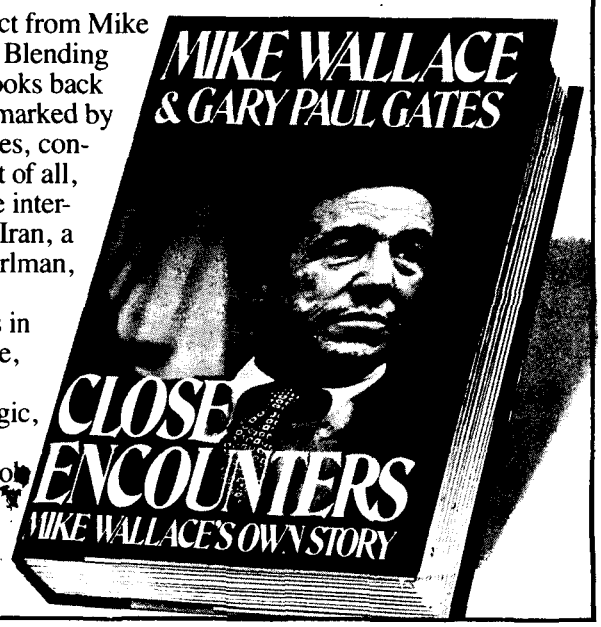

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out of the postwar General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs, and since then has moved to protect everything from textiles to motorcycles.

This all makes great sense, but what does it have to do with equality? Certainly it has nothing to do with equality across national boundaries; protectionism for workers in America means lower wages or no wages at all for the worker in the Perus and Ghanas and Malaysias of the world, meaning, by the way, that over the long term he will be less able to buy the goods that we want to export. Nor does protection necessarily translate into a better deal for the average consumer at home, whose wage may be well below what the protected worker earns. Auto workers have every right to seek to raise their standard of living as high as they can; that's only natural. But they should not pursue that right to the point where their company must raise its prices beyond the ability of the car buyer to pay. Indeed, it is important that prices not be pushed beyond the point where the company can no longer expand its market share. Otherwise, the company will not be able to grow and provide the additional jobs that the interests of both a healthy economy and equality demand. This is precisely what happened to the auto industry in the 1970s. It stopped growing. In fact, it not only stopped hiring U.S. employees, it started laying workers off.

Short-term protectionism—so far, it has taken the form of quotas on Japanese cars—may have been justified to help the industry get back on its feet. We shouldn't be so pious about free trade that we're willing to destroy an entire industry for its past sins. And certainly, as Jonathan Rowe points out elsewhere in this issue, something must be done about the unfairness of having our economy compete with those countries whose defense we subsidize. But that said, the long-term future of American industry depends on the willingness of American workers to accept whatever wages—and for their managers to accept whatever reductions in their often-outrageous salaries—are necessary to make our prices competitive in world markets so that we can not only withstand the competition of imports but also export and grow. That is the path to the jobs that can produce the equality Kuttner seeks. Yet again, as with his position on the pension funds, he sides with people in the union against those who haven't made it yet.

Unlike many on the left, Kuttner does not pretend there's nothing wrong with the unions that can't be blamed on the corporations. But he is basically pro-union, favoring the broad-based but still adversarial labor movement of Sweden. Because he wants to see unions grow, he ignores another avenue to worker power—worker-ownership.

Workers who own a significant share of a company can protect their own interests just as effectively as they could through a union. But they also have a stake in thinking responsibly about their company's future, and thinking about what needs to be done so that the company and the value of their stock will grow. Worker-ownership encourages a kind of equality that involves redistribution of not just money, but of power—with the risks that power inevitably brings. Exercised effectively, this power will create employment opportunity for other people.

This is not to belittle the role that flat-out income redistribution must play in achieving equality. Curiously enough, the expensive machinery of the welfare state has never done a very good job of this. Kuttner points out that in most western nations, distribution of private income in the late 1970s was basically what it had been in the late 1940s. This should enrage egalitarians, but when Kuttner finally turns to the subject of welfare, he justifies his preoccupation with the middle class by arguing that true redistribution is an impossible dream. To redistribute income, he argues, the government must make sure it pays out only to the poor. But Kuttner argues that "targeting the 'truly needy' tends to isolate the poor in separate programs and erodes the political constituency for equality. It creates a welfare-state culture that is not just means-tested, but mean-spirited." The only solution to this dilemma, he writes, is to allow rich and poor equal access to welfare programs. Kuttner favors this approach even though he concedes that it is much less efficient in redistributing income.

Kuttner's two basic premises here inspire further frustration with the left's pursuit of equality. The first is that the only way to achieve equality is to create a "constituency for equality." The poor are notoriously incapable of organizing themselves into such a constituency, and so we must figure out a way to rejigger our definition of "equality" in order to siphon some money to the rich and the middle class, who make better lobbyists. Although offered as a simple recitation of political reality, this is really an admission of a political crisis. Are we really as a nation incapable of behaving altruistically? Can we only help the poor by bribing ourselves? This is pure trickle-down theory, and like the more familiar conservative variety it is, in addition to being cynical, hopelessly impractical; it both diverts funds from those most in need and increases the overall cost of the welfare state at a time when the deficit is out of control.

Kuttner's second premise is that there is something inherently humiliating about a means test for welfare. But it's no solution to make *everybody* a ward of the state in order to make those in need feel better. Indeed, the game of denying that some are in need and others are not deprives people of their dignity at a deeper level; to treat someone as incapable of recognizing his true circumstance is to treat him as a child.

Equality, as it turns out, ends up being a fairly complex value. To some extent, it can be defined purely in terms of money—and we need to divert more of that money from the middle and upper classes to the poor. But it also has to do with an equal distribution of opportunity, as entrepreneurship provides, of power, as worker ownership provides, and of dignity, as a sensibly ordered welfare system could restore. Most of all, equality requires that the left refocus its attention on the underprivileged sector of our society and the means to help them. If the left won't help the poor, who will? ■

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TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES

DO AS WE SAY...

During 1982 and 1983, *The Washington Post*, which has editorialized against "the very large hidden costs of top-heavy compensation practices" that "arise from their effect on morale and wage demands by lower-level managers and rank-and-file workers" gave its five top executives increases in salaries and bonuses that average 20 percent.

■

TWO THINGS THAT COULD KEEP HER FROM BECOMING PARTNER

"I'm really scared about the future," a young urban professional woman recently told Betty Friedan. "It's not just the danger of nuclear war. . . .They say that the economy is fine now, but many layoffs are threatened on Wall Street and a lot of law firms are cutting down. If this gets worse, I may not be able to have the future I took for granted when I started law school."

■

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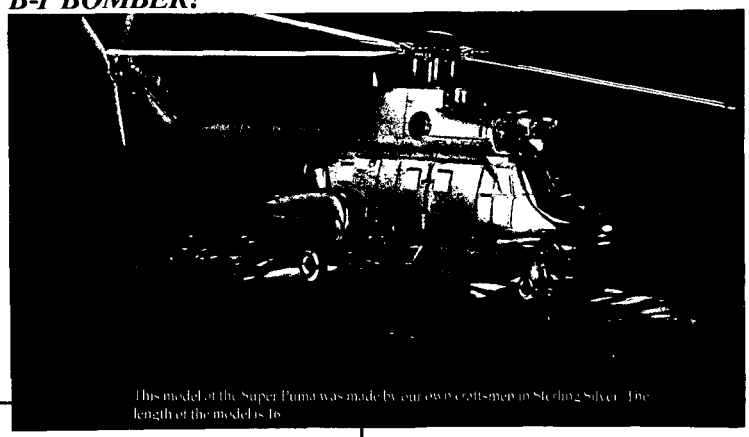

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THEY SUBSEQUENTLY SUED THE GUARDS FOR NEGLIGENCE

According to the San Jose *Mercury-News*, two inmates who escaped from the Women's Detention Facility in Milpitas, California blamed the prison guards for their escape. "We were [in the exercise yard] for 45 minutes to an hour before we decided to leave," said Maria Linda Villegas, who is awaiting charges on murder, robbery, and conspiracy. "There should have been someone watching us."

■

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POLITICAL BOOKNOTES

Marked to Die. Michael Brown. *Simon & Schuster, $16.95.* This depressing story about a New Jersey thug-turned-squealer named Jerry Festa illustrates many of the reasons why the Justice Department's Witness Protection Program is an ongoing governmental morass. Unfortunately, the author does not examine any of them. He simply tells the squalid tale of a Newark low-life who burgled, swindled, strong-armed, and eventually murdered, until he got caught by the police, testified against a murderers' row of thugs and gangsters, and ended up hiding out under an assumed name, courtesy of the U.S. Department of Justice. But between the lines of Festa's saga is the more important tale of why New Jersey is still as racket-ridden as before, and why Festa ended up isolated and bitter, suing the Justice Department (unsuccessfully) for allegedly reneging on its promises to create a new life for him and his family.

The book makes clear that gangsterism thrives in Newark because of police corruption and ineffective justice; that the criminality represented by Jerry Festa was essentially a local matter (despite some narcotics offenses), so that the Justice Department's intervention with its Witness Protection Program was fleeting and out of place; and that despite the string of convictions that Festa produced, the organized crime apparatus in Newark remained feloniously in operation.

It is easy to understand why Jerry Festa, like so many turncoat thugs who have joined it, later denounced the Witness Protection Program as a fraud. He complains about sloppy government documentation, uncaring Justice Department bureaucrats, and the problem of constantly hiding out. But Festa has never worked at an honest job. He is unlikely ever to be successfully "relocated" as a productive citizen, and if the officials of the Justice Department have been unenthusiastic in their efforts to try, that is possible to understand.

Marked to Die is the story of only one of some four thousand witnesses who have been relocated by the Justice Department. The book does not purport to draw generalizations from Festa's experiences to explain the shortcomings of the program as a whole. But Jerry Festa's story is a good yarn about the slimy side of life, and if the reader wishes to ponder how a government program could possibly succeed in taking responsibility for the lives of people like these, that could be time well spent.

—Fred Graham

60 Minutes: The Power and the Politics. Axel Madsen. *Dodd, Mead, $16.95.* The author shows us roughly a dozen incidents in which the news judgment or techniques of "60 Minutes" have been questionable. (For a fictionalized account of how such decisions are made, see "Perfect! Beautiful! Now Zoom in Tight on the Blind Woman's Face," page 28.) On the other hand, "60 Minutes" has done more than a thousand shows. Not a bad batting average. If government and business screwed up only 12 times out of a thousand, journalists would be looking for other work. In fact, the bulk of the reports detailed in the book turned out just fine: many revealed corruption, righted wrongs, forced action. Falling in line with the same journalistic imperative that bedevils "60 Minutes" (and newspapers, and radio, and magazines, and all journalism), Madsen treats the successes as inevitable, the failures as symptomatic.

In recent years it has become fashionable for "print" journalists to flail "60 Minutes." The show asked for it by suddenly making, just as it hit number one, a regular event of fluff personality pieces. But you can't help thinking some of the reaction was plain jealousy. The reporters on "60 Minutes" are rich. They're famous. They fly around the world accepting honors, often for staging film versions of stories that poor, unknown, never-mentioned print reporters actually dug up. Their reports reach millions and *get results*—which even the best print stories, even in the best papers and magazines, often do not.

Television's dilemma is that, even more than print, it must simplify. And, further, it must seek stories that can be filmed, especially those with the kind of face-to-face human confrontations that make for compelling, easily followed story lines. These structural requirements dictate certain types of stories—one wronged man systematically abused under weird circumstances is a perennial—that are valid and important in their own ways but pale before the large conceptual stories in which there isn't a simply filmable narrative, but where the destinies of many more people might be affected. Cases in which one party is clearly right and the other clearly wrong are the essence of drama. From the standpoint of society, however, they are not America's biggest problems: the cases in which reform is required but hard to specify with certainty are more numerous and generally far more lasting in significance.

How can such larger issues be filmed in a way that average viewers will watch? This is no small nut to crack. But watching "60 Minutes" you can't help feeling they have stopped looking: that they are willing to accept the constrictions of conventional "good television," and the accolades and profits attendant thereto. That's okay—it's still a fine show. But it might be great.

—Gregg Easterbrook

The Willowbrook Wars. David J. Rothman, Sheila M. Rothman. *Harper and Row, $25.* This is a very good book, another indignant indictment of how bureaucracies (in this case the State of New York) fail to provide basic, humane care for the mentally disabled (in this case the retarded).

The Willowbrook Wars took place in the 1970s, when public exposure and court decree forced New York to shift the warehoused re-

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tarded to small group homes. The authors, an historian and a social worker, have an outsider's eye and ear for the bureaucrat's response to criticism: one hand instinctively covers the gluteus maximus while the other passes out the press release saying yes, there have been problems but they are all taken care of now.

The question posed by the book is whether reform of human services can be effected by litigation. The Willowbrook Wars were a qualified victory, but in large measure because of the outstanding leaders (e.g. Barbara Blum, Bill Bronston, and Bruce Ennis) on the side of good. The cobwebs were cleared away, but one senses that if dusting does not take place every two weeks they will rapidly reappear.

In the most poignant passage in the book, a group of blind and deaf retarded children are taken out for a walk for the first time. It begins raining, and they instinctively take off their clothes because they think they are in the shower. They have never felt rain before. Is this the best we can do in the richest nation in human history?

—*E. Fuller Torrey*

Restoring Our Competitive Edge: Competition Through Manufacturing. Robert A. Hayes, Steven C. Wheelright. *John Wiley, $19.95.* This book is attracting serious and positive attention. It should. Manufacturing has for too long been regarded with indifference by the academic, the executive, and the bright young man or woman on the make.

Hayes and Wheelright take the view that (1) "manufacturing can be a positive part of a company's arsenal" (where previously the view had been, at best, "minimize negative impact") and (2) "management is the issue: our position is that productivity decline in the U.S. has been more a management problem than a government problem."

The book is unabashedly a text, and suffers from too many charts, graphs, and tables. However, many a point is worth the dig. They discuss economies of scale, and then devote substantial effort to the long-neglected diseconomies of bureaucracy and confusion. Problems with vertical integration are likewise dealt with at length and thoughtfully.

Their one deficiency is, however, monumental. People are absent from their equation for achieving manufacturing distinction. Early on Hayes and Wheelright acknowledge that they are dealing with "issues of structure" (facilities, location, technology, sourcing arrangements) and ignoring issues of "infrastructure" (organizational policies and attitudes) because, they say, changes in the former can be effected more rapidly than changes in the latter.

The irony of their oversight is most apparent in their commanding chapter on learning from German and Japanese manufacturing successes. They attribute German success to an attitude of "Grundlichkeit" ("getting everything just right"), extensive and widespread apprenticeship programs, an abiding focus on quality, appreciation of low-level contributions, and valuing incremental (shop-floor driven) improvements. Japanese success, they suggest, starts with an appreciation of "cleanliness and order," care for equipment, "quality consciousness" and "supplier-partner" relations. In other words, the German and Japanese successes stem almost entirely from factors ignored in the technique sections of the book.

—*Thomas J. Peters*

The New Politics of Science. David Dickson. *Pantheon, $22.95.* Scientists braced for the worst when Ronald Reagan took office. They knew how true conservatives felt about letting private enterprise pay for research. The lean years under Nixon had been bad enough—and now critics like Milton Friedman were seriously proposing the abolition of that sacred dispensary, The National Science Foundation.

But the Reaganites smiled on science once they realized how useful it could be in building corporate profits and military hardware. Researchers have positively prospered from the Reagan budgets

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(except in a few fields, notably the social sciences). This book is a long complaint about the science policy that is emerging. Dickson traces the Pentagon's increasing control over basic science and the way private corporations are being encouraged (through exclusive patents and sweetheart deals) to profit from publicly funded research. Work that used to be published openly is now kept secret to please colonels and sales managers. A new elite is hoarding scientific knowledge at the expense of the American people and the rest of the world, Dickson argues, and researchers have happily gone along with the arrangement because it pays well and shields them from the pestering public. After fighting off activists in the sixties and seventies, scientists are safe once more in their ivory towers.

You can't argue with Dickson's call to action: make scientists accountable to the taxpayers footing the bill. But the book doesn't offer many new insights into the problem or the solution. It's a tedious compendium of anticapitalist rhetoric, policy-paper jargon, and vague cud-chewing about an "alternative science policy" based on "community-controlled decision-making." Instead of showing how research actually gets done today, Dickson prefers to report the president's science advisor's testimony to Congress. Instead of giving examples of how the Reaganites have affected real people in and out of the laboratory—the great public for which Dickson expresses concern—the book quotes stacks of "Whither Science?" reports blathered forth by one official committee or another. Dickson spent four years ably covering Washington for the British science journal, *Nature*, but he doesn't seem to have realized that there's a big difference between what policymakers here say and what the rest of the country does—and what people want to read.

—John Tierney

Splash of Colors: The Self-Destruction of Braniff International. John J. Nance. *William Morrow, $16.95.* On October 25, 1978 at 8:30 a.m., the Civil Aeronautics Board opened its doors to a horde of waiting lawyers and, in so doing, ushered in the era of airline deregulation. More than a week earlier, the CAB had announced that, thanks to deregulation, it would be parceling out over 1,300 routes on a first-come, first-serve basis. For most of the intervening time, messengers from law firms all over town had stood in line outside the CAB, shivering in the cold and looking for all the world as though they were lined up for World Series tickets. The law firm representing Braniff Airlines was sixth in line. When the doors finally swung open, most airlines applied for ten routes, or maybe 20. Braniff applied for 626.

Corporate disintegrations usually begin in subtle ways. It's often impossible to put a finger on the precise moment when things start going wrong. But such is not the case with Braniff. Braniff's long fall from grace began when it applied for those routes. Braniff, which had been successful as long as the government shielded it from serious competition, simply was not equipped to cope once that shield was removed.

According to John J. Nance, a former Braniff pilot who has written this exhaustive account of the airline's troubles, Braniff president Harding Lawrence did have a strategy of sorts. He assumed that after a year or so the government would come to its senses, reimpose regulation, and all of Braniff's new routes would instantly be profitable. But it never happened, and Lawrence, who wanted so badly for Braniff—his Braniff—to become a major player in the industry, could never bring himself to give up all those routes until they had drained the company of its cash.

Braniff's attempt to swallow more than it could chew was only one of its mistakes, and the most obvious at that. Before deregulation, Braniff had a reputation as a surly, unhelpful airline whose on-time percentage was low and whose penchant for losing baggage was high. Its pilots and most of its staff were paid well beyond what the market would have borne. But it didn't matter then because most of its routes were monopolies. After deregulation, Braniff still had the same reputation, only now it did matter. People could choose to fly other airlines and they did.

Lawrence was both a soft touch and a tyrant, but each trait surfaced at exactly the wrong time. He was a soft touch when it came to his own employees, particularly middle managers, many of whom, says Nance, were deadwood. He quotes Lawrence as saying he could never bring himself to fire these people even though he knew they were incompetent. On the other hand, he was a tyrant in meetings with his top staff. So harsh was he, so unrelenting, that the day came when they simply stopped telling him what he didn't want to hear. You can blame the staff for cowardice, especially as things got bad and Lawrence wasn't given information he desperately needed, but you also have to blame Lawrence for fostering that cowardice.

The book itself is much worse than it has any right to be. There is no question that Nance knows just about everything that happened to Braniff along its road to destruction. But he buries a lot of his best stuff in impenetrable footnotes. That's where we actually see Lawrence's legendary temper tantrums, and where we also find such nuggets as the role of the Teamsters in refusing to take a pay cut that might have saved the company. What's worse is that because Nance worked for Braniff, he is quick to trot out the bad apple excuse—as in Braniff's reputation for rudeness was the result of a few bad apples.

A footnote of my own. Yes, this is the book American Airlines paid $25,000 to recall and then reissue because the author agreed to tinker with one of his footnotes. An act of corporate lunacy if you ask me. The book still says American played dirty tricks on Braniff (a plausible allegation), and there is still that delicious phone call in which the president of American is making what sounds suspiciously like collusive noises to the president of Braniff. All the recall did was give the book gobs of publicity it would not have received otherwise.

—Joseph Nocera

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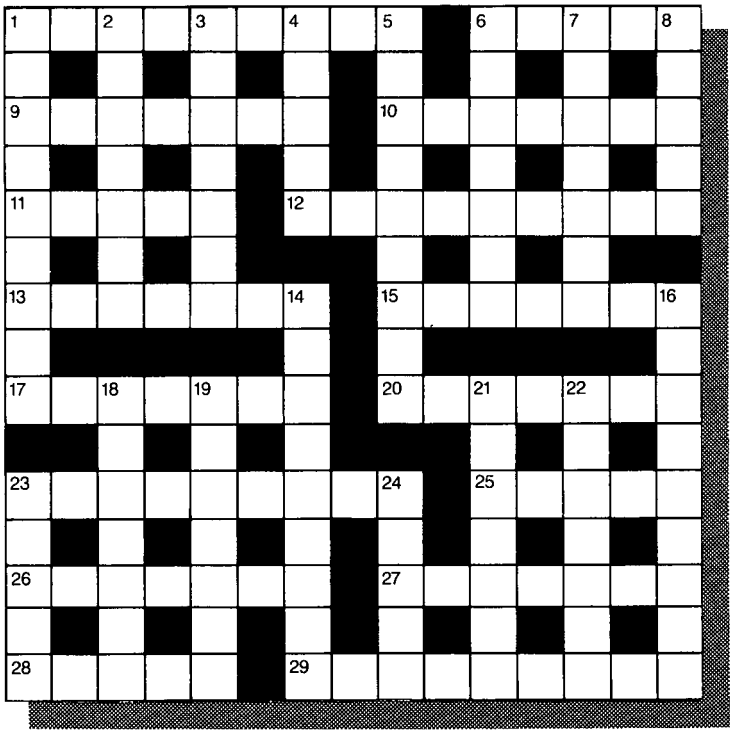
POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.



This month's puzzle was inspired by the Democratic convention.

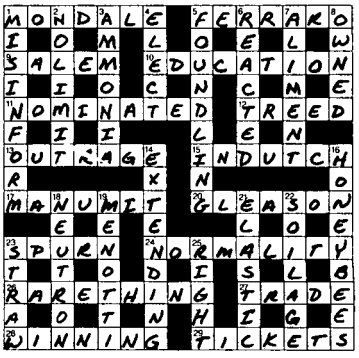
ACROSS

1. San Francisco Transport clears cab organization. (5, 4)
6. Suit young animals around fifty. (5)
9. Dry point in West is not at all dry. (7)
10. Clients lined up for copying device. (7)
11. Approximately one fight? (5)
12. Leader, if leaderless, would be mere inhabitant. (9)
13. Claims a reverse stress. (7)
15. Replace guard in street for housemaid's helper. (4, 3)
17. Greek figure stirring treacle. (7)
20. Stand up awkwardly for another housemaid's helper. (7)
23. Brought out new version re: trip end confusion. (9)
25. Live lewd reversal before fifty. (5)
26. Middleman for Hubert Humphrey? (7)
27. Metal lit him taking in Uranium. (7)
28. Buffalo set bin around thus. (5)
29. San Francisco figure rarely seen in fit. (9)

DOWN

1. Intimidate friend and fight a pilot in San Francisco. (3, 6)
2. Vegas travellers rob test results. (7)
3. For whom we will all vote in November. (7)
4. Put California in reverse to cause trouble. (3, 2)
5. Sentence or animation. (9)
6. Believes mistakenly SEC dirt. (7)
7. Nuclear explosion is hard to understand. (7)
8. Left Yugoslavian resort? (5)
14. Inaugurates improvised fast forts. (6, 3)
16. Respectable type does mangle ten badly. (9)
18. Ships out of former harbors? (7)
19. Opera figure confused artists on point. (7)
21. Pacifies with Southeastern fruit. (7)
22. Mere sip formed basis for conclusion. (7)
23. Produce new from old bear running around Hawaii's leader. (5)
24. Where Indians live in model highrise apartment. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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(continued from page 47)
a golden opportunity to gain a bit of goodwill, and to work his charm upon the Soviets themselves. Instead the president dispensed rhetorical humiliation upon the Soviets at every opportunity. The man spoiled his own best act.

Another form of easy foreign policy is simply to encourage travel to and from the U.S. Who better than Reagan to promote peace through the private sector—to "get government out of the way" and encourage the people of the world to get to know one another?

Instead, the administration showed once again how an obsession with one's enemy can cause one to act just like him. Reagan has invoked the McCarran Act to exclude such persons from our shores as Gabriel Garcia Marquez, the Nobel Prize novelist, and the widow of slain Chilean leader Salvador Allende. His administration turned away hundreds of Japanese who wanted to take part in a U.N. conference on disarmament and a host of others.

Reaganites like Jeane Kirkpatrick spout indignation when college students refuse to let unpopular people speak on their campuses. Now they are doing the same thing themselves. Apparently, Reagan thinks government is a better judge than you or I of whom we should listen to.

Reagan also seems to think the government is a better judge of where we should travel. "U.S. INVESTIGATING TRAVEL TO CUBA—WASHINGTON MOVES TO TIGHTEN CURBS—SUBPOENAS TRAVEL AGENCY FILES," declared a recent headline in *The New York Times*. We may not have the funds to stem the international drug trade, but by gum we'll get those travel agents who are setting up trips for illicit tourists to the wicked isle.

Contact between people of different nations is not just an exercise in good will. It's also an important way for us to find out about the world. Peace Corps volunteers in Iran knew long before the CIA how much the shah was hated outside of Tehran; our CIA sleuths were too busy trading secrets with the shah's generals. We just might learn a few things about a country like Cuba if more of us went there, too.

One way to encourage such contacts is through cultural exchange. It should not have taken Reagan four years to renegotiate the cultural exchange agreement with the Soviets that had lapsed in 1979. We should want our entertainers to go there, especially the bearers of our infectious popular culture. How can the Soviets run a respectable class war if teenagers there start clamoring for Michael Jackson tee-shirts?

Another form of travel and exchange is the Olympics. Back in 1980 there was almost universal agreement that we should pull out of the Moscow games to protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. But that move only led to the Soviet pullout this year, and the further unraveling that may occur in South Korea in 1988. We shouldn't have done it.

For all their unfortunate nationalism, the Olympics are important. An Olga Korbut, Nadia Comaneci, or Mary Lou Retton does humanize an otherwise harsh world scene.

We should encourage the spread of sports across national borders, and one of the most fertile possibilities in this regard is baseball. It is a link between ourselves and the rest of our hemisphere that transcends politics—for all the tensions between our countries, Nicaragua sent its baseball team to the Los Angeles games. It is also a link in which the Soviet Union cannot share. Is there a Soviet personage who could make anywhere near the splash in Cuba or Nicaragua of a Reggie Jackson or Pete Rose? The major leagues have already expanded to the North. Now we should play our baseball card, and let Havana into the American League. (See sidebar.) ■

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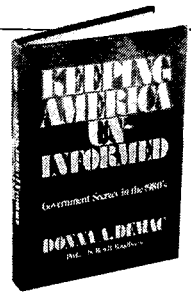

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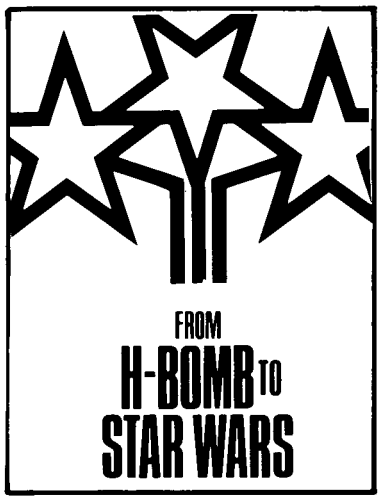

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